Our First Year in The Great War

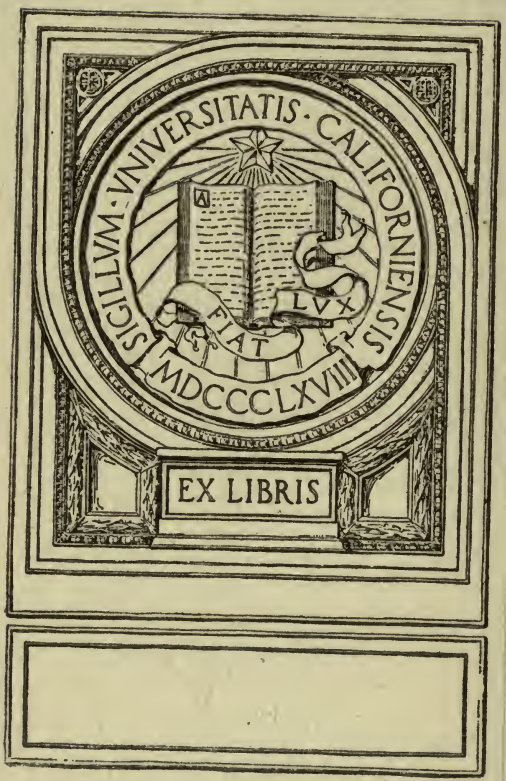
By

Francis Vinton Greene
Major-General, U. S. V.
Author of "The Russian Army and Its Campaigns in Turkey, 1877–78," "Army Life in Russia," "The Mississippi (Campaigns of the Civil War)," "Major-General Nathanael Greene," "The Revolutionary War and the Military Policy of the United States," etc.

Nobody could be better fitted to write on this period, so vital and interesting to all of us, than General Greene, whose keen observation and ripe experience add so much to his natural knowledge of the subject.

During the war with Spain he commanded the Second Expedition to the Philippines; was the senior officer of the Joint Commission to arrange the terms of surrender, and himself wrote the Articles of Capitulation.

General Greene ranks high as a military critic and historian, his best known work being "The Russian Army and Its Campaigns in Turkey, 1877–78." *The United Service Gazette* characterized the book as "one of the most remarkable works ever published of any campaign," and it was used as a text book at the Engineer and Artillery School at Woolwich for twenty years.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F. V. Greene

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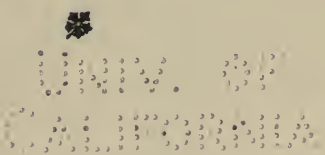

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PREFACE

THE Secretary of War, when asked recently by a committee of the Senate why certain things had not been done replied that it was because the war was three thousand miles away. In his reply he not only stated a geographical fact, but he gave expression to an opinion entertained by a majority of his countrymen, who have been very slow, on account of the great distance which separates their homes and their affairs from the terrible war which for nearly four years has been devastating France and rearranging the status of the entire world, to understand its significance. But every month brings this conflict nearer to us and to everything that we prize in this world; whether it be the lives of those who are nearest and dearest to us, or the ideals which we have always cherished and do not intend to relinquish, or the material possessions which under God's blessing in this favoured land we have accumulated during the

one hundred and thirty-five years since the Treaty of Paris confirmed our independence.

It is something more than a year since public opinion finally realized that this is our war and that our very life is at stake. In response to this opinion and as the spokesman of it, the President of the United States addressed the Congress in terms which as soon as the formality of a brief debate had been complied with resulted in a declaration by the Congress on April 6, 1917, that in consequence of the acts of the Imperial German Government, "the state of war between the United States and the Imperial German Government which has thus been thrust upon the United States, is hereby formally declared."

It seems now appropriate to consider as concisely as possible what we have done during this year.

It was inevitable that a peace-loving people, under the leadership of statesmen who abhor war, should in the first year of the war commit mistakes. It would be idle in a discussion of the events and results of this year to ignore these errors of judgment. But in speaking of them courteous lan-

guage should always be used, and with unfailing respect to the great offices held by these statesmen.

It is in this spirit that, having seen something of war abroad and at home and having been a student of military history for more than forty years, I have written the following pages; some of which have been previously printed in the New York *Times*.

During the last year we have done many things of which we have just reason to be proud. We have done other things which ought not to have been done, and under the workings of an inexorable law we must and will pay the penalty of our mistakes.

The first year of the war is over. It behooves us all to consider just what we have accomplished, what we have not accomplished, and the mistakes we have made; but solely for the purpose and in the hope that in our second and perhaps our third year of the war we shall not repeat our mistakes, but shall constantly go forward increasing the strength of our effort and more and more intelligently directing the great powers which God has given us in order to bring this terrible conflict to a righteous end.

FRANCIS V. GREENE.

NEW YORK, June 15, 1918.

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§ " " " " " May 19, 1918.

Our First Year in the Great War

CHAPTER I

THE PROSPECTS OF PEACE

It is an old saying that Diplomats make War and Soldiers make Peace. Like all apothegms and paradoxes, this has in it a considerable measure of truth. Our soldiers have been on the job now for a year, and the purpose of this and the following chapters is to consider what progress they are making. Before taking up the more technical side of their tasks it is well to consider the influences that surround them and aid or thwart them, in Politics, Finance, and Industry. All these have a distinct bearing upon the prospects of their success in bringing about a durable and satisfactory Peace. If these are co-ordinating

and pulling together with a uniform and steady stroke they help the man in uniform. If, on the other hand, they play each for itself and without regard for the other, and if instead of pulling steady and strong they catch crabs, then they make it extremely difficult for him to get the full measure of success. The first chapter, therefore, will be devoted to The Prospects of Peace.

The first subject to be dealt with is Politics; and by this I do not mean Ward Politics, or State Politics, or National Politics, but International Politics in its largest and most comprehensive sense. It is an acknowledged fact that our President has seized and held the moral leadership of the world. When he stands in front of Mr. Speaker at Washington with his tiny manuscript in his hand (produced by himself on his individual typewriter) and speaking in a comparatively low tone, without modulation, inflection, or gestures, presents his message, his audience is not the Senators and Representatives assembled before him and the visitors in the gallery, nor is it even confined to the one hundred million of people in these broad United States. He speaks to the entire civilized world and his words break through the roof of the Capitol, and,

speeding on the wings of lightning to the four corners of the earth, are within a few hours of their utterance read by every statesman in the world, and by every man in every country which has any influence on public affairs. No artillery barrage, no concentration of a thousand machine-guns firing several million bullets a minute, can stop them. They go over the top across No Man's Land, and reach the Kaiser at the Great General Headquarters and the Chancellor in the Wilhelm-strasse. The Censor, all-powerful as he is in other matters, cannot arrest these low spoken words. They are studied in Berlin and Vienna as carefully as they are in London and in Paris. Lloyd George and Clemenceau may have said substantially the same things last week, or will say them next week, but they themselves will tell you that the President speaks to a larger audience and gets a greater outburst of applause than either or both of them.

All this is absolutely unique and unprecedented in history. Such a power of convincing by argument transcends any power, either material or moral, exercised by Julius Cæsar, Napoleon Bonaparte, Abraham Lincoln, or Otto von Bismarck. The responsibility which goes with this power is

correspondingly great; and it is in no spirit of carping criticism that an examination is made of the wisdom of these words of President Wilson and of their effect. Of their splendid diction and fascinating phraseology there can be no question, but it must be remembered that, for instance, the Declaration of Independence would have been but a mass of idle phrases if these had not been converted into solid concrete facts by the military skill of George Washington when he marched from New York to Yorktown, in 1781, and by the splendid valour of Alexander Hamilton and other youngsters when they went over the top and fought hand to hand until they gained the mastery over their enemy at Yorktown. Even the sublime words of the Gettysburg address and the second Inaugural would have been forgotten instead of becoming immortal, if they had not been supported by a series of victories, accompanied by the enormous sacrifice of human life without which victories are impossible. Beginning at Vicksburg and Gettysburg these ran on through Chattanooga, the Wilderness, and Cold Harbour to Appomattox. The soldier appreciates the beautiful idealism of this chain of Presidential addresses which began in December, 1916, and of which the

last link was forged only a few weeks ago; but he stops to think every now and then what is the effect upon the morale of himself and his comrades and of his mother or wife or sweetheart back at home, whose sympathy and support are the chief factors enabling him to keep a stout heart when the German's gas bomb explodes within a few feet of him, and he has to get his mask on quickly and properly or else endure tortures which no words can describe.

In this wonderful series of addresses, there seems to be a sort of cycle of ideas running all the way around the circle. First comes a request to England and France to tell us what they are fighting about, and expressing the President's own opinion that there can be no durable peace except "A Peace without Victory." Barely sixty days after, we are told that the sort of neutrality for which we have been contending with all our might since the beginning of the war will not work, and therefore we break off diplomatic relations with Germany. In another sixty days, the Congress is assembled and at the President's request, with substantial unanimity, it declares war against Germany. It is no longer a question of asking England and France what they are fighting for;

we know what the war is about, and we tell the world not only what we are fighting for, but what England and France are fighting for, and what Germany has got to do before we will allow peace to be made. Another sixty days go by and from the environment of the little white headstones which mark the last resting place of those that laid down their lives in the Civil War, we are told that this war will go on until everything that we demand is granted. The soldier scratches his head and wonders whether any one ever said anything about Peace *without* Victory, and if so, who is the man who said it and where did he say it. A few more months go by and we are offered a somewhat specific and complete, or at least a comprehensive, program in fourteen articles, some of which we understand and some of which we do not; but at all events it is a basis for discussion of the question of the reorganization of the world, and on the whole, as the slang goes, "it looks good." We begin to study up our history of Poland, try to understand the meaning of the words Jugo-Slavs and Serbo-Croats, go to the encyclopædias and geographies to try to find out where the Czeco-Slovaks live and where they "come in" on this proposition, read Mr. Chéra-

dame's articles about Mittel-Europa and think with pride that our President has got the right "dope," and that the United States will settle the matter. As the negro in khaki said to the negro in civilian clothes, who was rather despondent about "dis yere Wah," "Jest wait till we Angry-Saxons git over dar—we'll make it right."

But before we have thoroughly digested these fourteen propositions, which, to express it mildly, are somewhat comprehensive in their nature and effect, we are told that if you don't like these you can bring on your own. The President has no pride of opinion and only put forward the fourteen to start a discussion. After all there are only four really fundamental propositions out of which any number of real solutions can be obtained. We read over these four propositions more than four times and the more we read them the less we find in them which is definite or tangible. We are in effect just about where we started fifteen months ago when we were thinking about Peace without Victory.

While the cycle has been completed during these fifteen months, we have ventured to tell the world how its affairs are to be regulated, and have told our enemies on just what terms and on no others

they will be permitted to exist. Meanwhile our enemies have lost some two million or more of men killed, not to mention several millions more permanently mutilated, in trying to impress upon the world their ideas of how its affairs are to be regulated. Our losses in killed are 209, and in wounded 707, according to the War Department Bulletin of March 28th. In the same time our Allies—or to speak with more technical accuracy, our Associates, for we have made no alliance—have buried their several millions of husbands and fathers and sons who have given up their lives in the effort to make this the kind of a world that they want to live in. We on our part have in this period spent, or contracted to spend, or loaned to our Associates, something over twelve thousand millions of dollars. The words do not really convey a very definite notion to our mind, but it will enable us to get a glimmer of their meaning, when we remember that it is more money than these United States have spent for all purposes, including Pensions and Rivers and Harbours, from the time when George Washington was inaugurated as President of the United States on the spot from which his statue now looks benignantly upon the banking house of J. P. Morgan

& Co., the Stock Exchange, and "The Street," to the time when William McKinley was laid to rest at Canton, Ohio.

One sometimes wonders whether we are altogether justified in the moral leadership of the world which we have unquestionably gained; whether our contribution to the settlement of the gigantic problems now facing mankind is such as to warrant our President in taking the seat of Chairman in the world's Congress for debate which is now going on, not around a green table but over the telegraphic wires. Our Associated nations accept our leadership, but the question arises, Do they accept it because our ideas are in themselves inherently sound and justify our leadership, or because without our help they would starve to death? It is a fact, and it is an unfortunate fact, not only for England but for the rest of the world, that if England should break with us today, she absolutely could not obtain food. The situation in regard to shipping is such that she could not get bread and meat from other parts of the world against our opposition. No nation ought to allow itself to be put in such a position as this, and perhaps after this war is over there will be such intensive farming and such a colossal use of

fertilizers on the British Isles as will in a measure correct such a situation. The grouse-shooting rights in Scotland, the partridge-shooting rights in Kent, the fishing rights on the Severn, will not be as valuable as they were ten years ago. The splendid sport of hunting the fox with all its accompaniments of wonderful horses, intelligent hounds, scarlet coats, and attractive riders of both sexes will perhaps become a thing of the past; and thought will be concentrated upon adding to the number of acres of wheat, and increasing the yield from fifteen bushels to thirty or thirty-five bushels per acre. Perhaps again on England the lowing herd will wind slowly "o'er the Lea," as Thomas Gray mused in his country churchyard 167 years ago, instead of "o'er the Sea" as *Punch* saw them with his spy-glass a dozen or more years ago. To what extent Great Britain can resume the feeding of her own people remains to be seen; possibly instead of importing two-thirds of her food as now, England may be able to produce two-thirds of it.

The bearing of all this upon our present discussion is the effort to discover why England and France so cheerfully accept our leadership in this titanic struggle in which our contribution up to

date has been microscopic in comparison with theirs. I fear the answer is, that they accept it not so much because they believe in our ideas, as because if they quarrel with us they will starve to death.

As to the effect of the President's speeches upon the morale of our men in the trenches or in the training camps, there is ground to think that perhaps it may not be beneficial. If the sergeants, corporals, and privates become convinced that the President will end the war by means of his classic phrases, if they believe that he will drive a wedge beween the nations allied against us (some people think that the wedge has somehow been turned around and is parting us from our Associates), if the best girl out in Oshkosh and Kalamazoo writes to her Fred to take good care of himself and not take too many risks for everybody says the war will be over before summer, then the man in khaki will not be so keen to go across No Man's Land as he will be if he realizes the solemn, cold, unadulterated fact that this war will not be ended until we have gained a great military victory; until we have inflicted upon the Boche as terrible and disastrous a defeat as his forefathers received at Jena. Before this can be accomplished, our

dead and wounded will be counted, like those of our Associated nations, by the hundreds of thousands—perhaps by the millions—and the most noticeable thing on Fifth Avenue (as on the Champs Elysées) will be the widow's weeds. When our men realize this, they will face it and do their part, but it is not in human nature that men will rush to death and mutilation if they believe that the President can win the war by a "political offensive."

Now, as to Finance. Some bank presidents and others down town have been saying recently (as they have said at previous periods, beginning with August, 1914) that the war will be over in sixty days. When asked for the grounds of their belief, they reply: "Look at the ticker. The ticker seldom, if ever, makes a mistake. It represents the consensus of opinion of the financiers of the country, east and west, north and south; and the war will be decided by financial reasons." They quote in support of this opinion the alleged statement of Lloyd George that the war will be won by the nation which can raise the last hundred million of pounds. Well, the ticker is not infallible. It was wrong as to the election in 1916, and ludicrously in error at the beginning of

the New York municipal campaign of 1917. It was tragically out of touch with the real sentiment of the country and the actual trend of events in 1864 when it forced the price of gold up to 280, convinced Mr. Lincoln in August and September that he would be defeated, and led poor Horace Greeley to make shipwreck of a long and honourable career by shouting: "Let the wayward sisters go in peace." But there were stout hearts then (as there are now) which view a great national crisis from a different angle from that of the ticker. They saw clearly that a patched-up peace with the South would only lay the seeds for future wars, that the only lasting solution of the quarrel between the North and the South must be based upon a crushing military defeat of the South, be the cost and sacrifice what it might be. And they had the courage of their convictions, under the steadfast leadership of Lincoln, who did not propose six different solutions in twelve months, but held fast to one plan from the day he took his oath of office until he died, just as his plan was made a fact. There was peace propaganda in a thousand hidden forms, then as now; there were Southern emissaries in Canada and at Niagara Falls, Southern Peace Commissioners at Hampton

Roads, Copperheads in Indiana, and no end of plans for ending the war by some other means than a complete military victory. To all of them during four long years Lincoln stood like a rock. "Save the Union" was his invariable answer; with slavery or without slavery. And the result of his inflexible determination is this splendid nation of one hundred million free and happy people.

It is doubtless true that the ticker represents the consensus of opinion of all men who have any considerable amount of property, say an income of more than ten thousand dollars a year. But the number who paid income tax on that amount last year is exactly 55,515, or less than one-third of one per cent. of the number of men who voted for President in 1916. They are rendering superb service. They have abandoned, in large part, the pursuit of money-getting and are devoting their brilliant talents, their untiring energy, and their splendid positions in the business world to the sole task of raising money to carry on the war. A few years ago they thought they had a good year if they sold about a billion dollars' worth of new bonds, and their lists of bond-buyers when they compared notes in floating the first

Liberty Loan numbered a scant 350,000. Within six months in 1917 they raised five billions and increased their purchases to a total of a million individuals, without counting the buyers of War Savings Stamps. But they exaggerate the importance of finance in a war. It is essential, it is indispensable, if a nation is to remain solvent. But when nations become involved in a death grapple, they do not stop at insolvency. Frederick debased the currency, other nations have used the printing press; and when credit is so hopelessly gone that it is not worth while to print any more paper, then nations (if they are really in earnest) go on without any money, as we did from 1780 to 1783 and as the South did in the last six months of the Civil War.

In short, finance is one of the greatest servants in war, but it is not the master. Let the great financiers, and (with humble respect) let the President, take down their Nicolay and Hay, turn to Vol. v., p. 152, read Lincoln's letter to Greeley dated Aug. 22, 1862, and realize how great souls act in a great crisis, and why millions then unborn afterward bless them for it.

Finally, as to Industry. It is mobilized, or at least, in process of mobilization, but not yet co-

ordinated in the effective form that probably will be attained long before the war is ended. The City of Washington is filled with enthusiastic and patriotic men, lately Chairmen of Corporations and Captains of Industry, now dressed in well-fitting khaki uniforms made by the best tailors on Fifth Avenue and Michigan Avenue, with beautiful boots and spurs to match. They recall the laconic remark of Lincoln in 1864 that a cane was accidentally dropped out of a window in Willard's Hotel and it struck nine brigadiers before it reached the pavement. These earnest, hard-working officers, as they stretch their boots and spurs under the lunch table at the Metropolitan Club will tell you that the war will be won —by food, by coal, by transportation, by clothing, by munitions, by whatever particular thing they are devoting their lives to, at the sacrifice of their fortunes and often of their health—and, it may be said, of their sense of perspective and proportion. But the Colonel working on munitions hardly seems aware of the existence of the Major in the Subsistence Department, and they are all too busy to read or think much about the man fighting in the trenches or to realize that mountains of food and clothing will be of no avail if he fails in his

part. All the rest are his servants. In him everything else centres and eventuates. By him—with the aid of the others—by his endurance, his courage, his will, his ability to play with Death and laugh at it, will the war be won. That it will be won does not admit of doubt; but in my humble opinion, after seeing something of three wars, it will not be won until we have two million men in the field, with ample reserves to replace the casualties numbering thousands per day; veterans of more than one battle, and capable of doing their part, alongside of our gallant and sorely tried Associates, our Allies *de facto* if not *de jure*, in driving a wedge through the German line. It needs hardly to say that that time will not come in this year 1918, and beyond that it is too early yet to attempt a prophecy.

CHAPTER II

MAN POWER

WHEN the President carried us into war by his address of April 2d, the worth of which was acknowledged not only by his admirers, but by those who had previously been his most bitter critics, the question immediately arose what part we should take in the war. That we should spend money without stint, in continuing to feed and munition the nations who were fighting Germany, and, moreover, that we should lend them or give them huge blocks of what was called our unlimited credit, was the opinion of everyone. The man who in the Civil War sent all his wife's relatives to the front "had nothing on" the financial patriot of 1917; and many earnest people, sympathetic with the Allies and enthusiastic admirers of the heroism of France, seriously argued that we should not attempt to do anything more.

We had no army and no ships to transport it if

we had one; there was nothing for our navy to do because the German navy was bottled up in Kiel; it would take a year, so the military experts in Washington said, before we could train Bryan's million men (who would spring to service, the arms being lacking) so as to qualify them for fighting in this novel and horrible trench warfare; the war would surely be over, so it was thought, long before that, so why waste our time on a foolish effort to send soldiers? Why not concentrate on the business end and help those poor people over there who had suffered so much and had such need of our help? We could not help them by sending soldiers, because we did not have the soldiers, and could not train them in time; but we could and would let them have all the money they asked for.

Those who held this view were at one end of the line, and at the other end stood Theodore Roosevelt and the hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic followers, who, whatever he may think or say or do, will follow his lead so long as he has breath in his body. These argued in favour of calling for volunteers, as we had called for them in every previous war, and selecting from them 50,000, or even 100,000, of the most fit; of rushing them into camps, giving their leader prior claim against all

others in the matter of equipment and supplies, drilling them every day and as long as there was daylight, and after a few weeks sending them across and into the trenches, with their leader in chief command or in such subordinate position as the President might place him in, under some West Point graduate as his commander. The 1st Regiment, U. S. Volunteer Cavalry, had been raised, equipped, trained, and transported a thousand miles by sea, and had fought in two desperate engagements under the most trying climatic conditions and forced the enemy to surrender, all within sixty days. If it could be done in 1898, why not in 1917?

There were others who urged that our well-trained regulars and our partly trained National Guards should be assembled jointly, say one regiment of regulars and two of militia to a brigade; that a division of two such brigades should be ordered forthwith to France, as the State troops had been sent to the Mexican border in the preceding summer; that the training camps should be in France within sound of the guns, and that as soon as the men had become accustomed to the atmosphere of actual war they should be sent into battle or into the trenches to await battle, their

places in the training camp to be taken by another division assembled meanwhile and sent across in the same manner. And thus—so it was argued—a continuous flow of soldiers, in constantly increasing volume, analogous to the successive lines of skirmishers advancing across No Man's Land, would be moving to France, where after a few months there would be a continuous movement of trained Americans from camp to trench.

But those who argued thus "could not catch the Speaker's eye." The general public did not see them and their views received little if any consideration. Those who advocated the glorified Rough Rider idea had no trouble in getting the floor, but the general opinion was that, while this idea had played its part, and a very useful part, when we were fighting a feeble foe, it was out of date in this terrible struggle with the most powerful and highly trained enemy that has ever come forth from the womb of time. Most people were satisfied that the President was well advised in rejecting it.

The General Staff then saw their chance to deal a death blow to the volunteer system, which, although we had won four wars with it and come out even in the fifth, they had violently attacked;

and they had attacked it wisely, for it was an anachronism under existing conditions. The President, who had forbidden all preparedness, or even discussion of it, by military or naval officers, and who had expressed the hope that anything so foreign to our ideals as military conscription would never be necessary, was won over. He went to Congress and asked for a Draft act, and the Congress, after a long and bitter debate, granted it. Our military policy, or lack of it, which had served us for 142 years, went into the discard. The registration of all men between 21 and 31 years of age was ordered; and 10,000,000 men responded, not only without resistance or disturbance, which many had feared, but with no little enthusiasm. It was, like the dropping of the millions of ballots by which great issues are decided on Election Day, an impressive event.

The new system having been decided in principle, the next question was the organization, training, and command of the first million or more of men called to the colours. The organization adopted was that in use in the armies contending in France. A regiment, instead of consisting of the time-honoured 1000 men and ten companies of 100 each—or of the more recent 1200 men, with three

battalions of four companies, each of 100 men, or of the supposedly up-to-date 1800 men, including the three battalions of infantry, a machine-gun company, a headquarters company, and a supply company—was now to number 3600 men. The increase was due to the change in the size of the infantry companies from 100 to 250 men. Of the advantages and disadvantages of these large companies it would be too technical and too complicated to speak here. It is sufficient to say that these large companies have been adopted by our Allies as well as our enemies, and obviously they had to be adopted in our regiments. It caused terrible heartburnings in the National Guard, where regiments with all the traditions of more than one hundred years of honourable service have lost their identity and been wiped out. There is no surer way to injure the morale of a fighting force or cause unnecessary heartburnings than to destroy its traditions. It speaks well for the discipline of the old militia regiments (of whose discipline the regular officers in charge of the Militia Bureau have spoken with none too great sympathy or tact) that the change was carried out with comparatively so little friction or delay.

For the National Army, formed from the drafted

men, of course no such difficulty arose, and it is perhaps due to this that the surprising but apparently certain fact has developed that the national army divisions are at the present moment superior in efficiency—*i. e.*, in drill, discipline, morale, pride of organization, and enthusiasm—to the National Guard divisions which had had not only years and generations of armory and summer camp experience, but also of field manœuvres, like those at Manassas and in Massachusetts in recent years. The regular army has been expanded to three times its previous size by the simple process of making three regiments out of one regiment, three battalions out of one battalion, and three companies out of one company; while the machine-gun, headquarters, and supply companies have been formed from raw recruits. As to the morale, instruction, and fitness of the regular army, little or nothing has been printed in the newspapers, and the location even of its camps is not publicly known, except possibly as to one of them.

Our army is officially divided, like Cæsar's Gaul, into three parts—regular army, National Guard, and national army. This arbitrary distinction is protected by an elaborate system of numbering and nomenclature, by different insig-

nia on the uniforms, and by different initials used in official correspondence and orders. These differences and distinctions have become an absurdity, which cannot too soon be done away with. The national army is as good or better in military essentials than the National Guard, and the regular army has been so diluted—one old soldier to five recruits and one West Point graduate to eight civilians—that it cannot possibly have any such superiority in military efficiency as it has had in all our previous wars.

There is practically no difference between the three component parts of our army. We are—or should be—one people with one purpose in this war, and we need (and, as a matter of fact, we have) only one army. The abandonment of these distinctions, which originally were perhaps justified, but now have become ridiculous, would add materially to the tone and good-feeling of all the men in uniform.

After organization comes training. The method adopted was to construct, at great expense, eighteen gigantic cantonments—wooden barracks, hospitals, storehouses, and offices, ample water supply, modern sanitary plumbing and steam heat, a proper system of drainage and sewerage,

good roads, Young Men's Christian Association and Knights of Columbus clubhouses, post-offices, "hostess houses," dancing halls, baseball fields, and "movie" palaces. Each of these cities has a population of 30,000 and upward, with twenty-five miles or more of roads. Many of them are favoured with a daily newspaper (in some cases, I believe, morning and evening editions), edited, put together, printed, circulated, and managed by men in khaki. If the citizens of these mushroom cities have not "all the comforts of home," it is hard to discover what has been left out. To a *poilu* or a *boche*, in lands where money does not grow on trees, the whole scheme must seem like a fairy tale.

In these cantonments, the anæmic clerk, the lout from the farm, the "fresh kid" from the pavement, have been transformed in an almost incredibly short space of time into smart and well-set-up soldiers, with a knowledge of squad, company, and battalion drill, of digging trenches, of rushing over obstacles, and of jabbing a straw-made Hun with the bayonet. They have good clothes, excellent food, regulated lives, healthy exercise, small but certain pay, and a healthy but not sloppy appreciation of their high privilege as

saviours of civilization. To one whose knowledge of reviews begins with that of Grant's and Sherman's armies on Pennsylvania Avenue at the close of the Civil War, and who has since seen more of them than he can remember, at home and abroad, in great capitals and on battlefields where the battle was followed by a review of the victorious army, where the trenches used for graves were near the reviewing stand, and a few overlooked and unburied naked dead had to be stepped over as the troops marched past—to such a one it seems as if no previous review or parade had been more impressive or effective than that of the Camp Upton division as they marched down Fifth Avenue in a blinding snowstorm a few weeks ago. The surroundings, physical, mental, and psychological, of the cantonments in which these men have received their training have little resemblance to the trenches or rest villages which await them "over there." For the regulars and guardsmen who already had had their elementary military training, the cantonment training has been a failure. These should have been trained in France, in the atmosphere of war. The National Guard has gone stale in nearly if not quite all of the camps; but for the national army, taking the rawest of raw

recruits and licking them into shape in extra quick time, the cantonment system has been a phenomenal success.

Who is to command these upstanding lads with eager faces, and lead them to victory? The cantonment cities have been commanded by major-generals, some of whom have held that rank for a dozen or more years, and some of whom were lieutenant-colonels a few months before we entered the war. All have been treated on an equality, all subjected to the same democratic autocracy, the theory being that in the competition during the training period it would become evident who were the most competent, and to them would be assigned the commands when the divisions were ready to sail for France. As to this program, no serious objection can be raised. The army has contended with success for nearly one hundred years that there shall be no promotion in time of peace except by seniority. By appealing to Senators and Congressmen to defeat the plan that one-third of the promotions be made by selection, according to fitness and merit, under most carefully framed regulations to prevent favouritism, the officers of the army have made it impossible for the President and Secretary of War

and the public at large to form any idea in time of peace of the relative merits and fitness for command of the officers in the army. When Elihu Root came to the War Department in 1899, he advocated, in his first annual report, a carefully planned method for a limited number of promotions by selection instead of by seniority. The officers of the army jumped on it as one man. The Senate and House of Representatives gave it no consideration, and Mr. Root never again referred to it, knowing that any such reference would be useless.

When war comes, however, all the foolish talk about the "vested rights" of officers of the army is lost in the atmosphere of serious things, and officers are selected for high commands according to the opinion of the President and Secretary of War as to their fitness for exercising their commands. In that way, when the first small division of regulars was sent abroad, in response to that pathetic appeal which Marshal Joffre so skilfully used in order to overrule the thoroughly bad plan which the General Staff had for sending no troops to France in less than a year,—*i. e.*, until this present date,—the officer selected to command this division was a Brigadier-General, who for this

purpose was immediately advanced to the rank of Major-General—John J. Pershing. He was known in the army as a man who, entering West Point at an age older than usual, had at once established his reputation as a man of determination and strong will. While, like General Sheridan and some others in our past history, he made no great reputation as a scholar, he held in each of the succeeding four years the highest cadet rank attainable. He was of suitable age, about fifty-five years, had passed his life fighting Indians or Mexicans, was "as hard as nails," and had had the experience of commanding a brigade of four or five regiments in the invasion of Mexico in 1916, whereas the Chief of Staff and the Assistant Chief of Staff—who had advocated and insisted upon, and but for Marshal Joffre would have carried out, the terrible scheme of not sending any American soldiers abroad until April, 1918—had neither of them commanded a brigade either in war or peace, except during five days of manœuvres in Massachusetts some years ago.

Whether General Pershing has the qualifications for commanding an army of 2,000,000 men, the qualifications of Grant or Lee, remains to be seen. He must take his chances and abide by the result,

and probably he would not have it otherwise. He did, however, show on his arrival in France that he had a level head, under circumstances of extraordinary delicacy, difficulty, and importance, and when he received such an ovation as no American ever before received abroad, he kept cool, responded to eulogistic addresses in a few well-chosen words, seldom exceeding two hundred in number, and, in short, "did not slop over," as did certain "heroes" in our little war with Spain.

In connection with this question of high command it may not be out of place to refer to certain historical precedents. In 1775, John Adams, who, in connection with Samuel Adams, had done most to bring on the Revolution, proposed, in the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, that George Washington, Esq., of Virginia, should be appointed Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States. There is reason to believe that the underlying motive in Adams's action was to secure the support of public opinion in his political plans.

The appointment was made by unanimous consent, and in the middle of June, 1775, Washington mounted his horse and began his ride toward Cambridge and fame. He was escorted through the streets of Philadelphia with all the bravery

of militia and military bands which Philadelphia could muster. From behind the window in the upper story of his boarding-house, John Adams watched him ride by. He then sat down and began his daily letter to his wife, in which occurred these words: "Others have reaped where I have sown; others will wear the laurels which belong to me." His prophetic soul saw with absolute vision that if the Revolution ended successfully the great man would be neither John Adams nor Samuel Adams, but that stalwart and competent soldier who was starting out on his horse.

After the War of 1812, all the politicians—Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams—set out to "down" Andrew Jackson. The only result was to land Jackson in the White House with greater political power than any man had exercised since Washington.

When the Mexican War broke out, William L. Marcy and the Albany Regency were very wary of creating out of the war a soldier-President. Scott was then the senior Major-General, with headquarters in Washington, and they left him there cooling his heels, in spite of his frantic appeals for a command, while they picked out a Colonel, Zachary Taylor, and sent him to the Rio

Grande to open the war and to enable Congress, a little later, to pass a resolution that a state of war existed in consequence of the acts of Mexico. Taylor, however, began to earn military laurels too rapidly. At Resaca and Palo Alto he drove the enemy back in spite of inferiority in numbers, and promptly pursued him into the heart of Mexico.

Then the people in Washington thought they would play Scott against Taylor, and they took away all Taylor's best troops and put them under the command of Scott, leaving Taylor only the militia or volunteer regiments to fight the battle of Monterey, which, nevertheless, he won. His best regulars were brought back to Corpus Christi and added to some volunteer regiments freshly raised, and these were sent under the command of Scott to Vera Cruz. Those at Washington probably thought that Scott would wear himself out in the fever-stricken marshes surrounding the walls of Vera Cruz. They probably imagined that under no circumstances would he be able to climb over the mountains separating him from the enemy's capital. But Scott not only took Vera Cruz in less than the twenty-seven days allowed by the standard works on military engineering

for a successful siege, but in a campaign which General Sherman more than once described to me as the most brilliant in our history, and, notwithstanding its small size, one of the most brilliant in all history, he scaled the mountain passes, defeated his enemy in every one of seven battles, and entered the city of Mexico as the victor in the campaign.

It was out of the question that Scott should be allowed to enjoy the military, and possibly the political, prestige due to such a campaign; so one of his volunteer brigadiers was egged on to insubordination, for which Scott promptly and sharply called him to account. The result was a court-martial, not for the brigadier, but for Scott himself, who was tried by his juniors in rank in a trial which began in sight of his conquered enemy and collapsed three years later by reason of a total lack of evidence, in the city of Frederick, Md. But these machinations resulted in nothing but a proof of the depths to which petty political spite and meanness could descend. They did succeed in keeping Scott out of the White House, but placed there his junior in command, Taylor, and a few years later an inconspicuous brigadier whose name has been forgotten by all

except historical students, one Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire.

In the Civil War, the great soul of Abraham Lincoln rose above such pettinesses. It was not so, however, with the politicians who surrounded Lincoln, Seward, Chase, Stanton, and that picturesque newspaper editor from Connecticut who never went to bed without putting on paper his thoughts of the day, and to whom we are indebted for a diary that is more interesting than any since Pepys. All of these schemed and plotted, and the advice they gave Lincoln on military affairs was nearly always influenced by the possible political results.

What did it all amount to? The greatest soldier of the war went to the White House for eight years. The next greatest, Sherman, would unquestionably have succeeded him but for his categorical and emphatic statement that he would not be a candidate; that if nominated he would not run, and that if elected in spite of his opposition he would not serve. In his place we had Hayes, followed by Garfield, and then Harrison, politicians all, but all of them owing their selection for the high office to the fact that they had been more or less successful soldiers in the Civil War.

In the little war with Spain, the senior Major-General, Miles, was kept in Washington. Alger saw to it, doubtless with McKinley's approval, that Miles should hold no high position from which he might emerge as a formidable candidate in the campaign of 1900. A friend of Alger, a good enough soldier, by the way, but known to have the same opinions about politics as Sherman, was selected to lead the troops to Santiago. All that Miles could get was the command of a little expedition to Porto Rico, which was halted by the protocol of peace. But that did not prevent the country from having for seven years, a soldier-President, Theodore Roosevelt.

At the end of the term for which he had been elected Vice-President Roosevelt made a most brilliant and successful campaign in his own name for the Presidency. He essayed a third term without success in 1912, and many men, myself included, think that it would have been fortunate for this country if he had been nominated and elected in 1916. We should be glad to see him elected President in 1920, should the war last that long, as it well may. But Roosevelt, as well as his rival, who is now in the White House, is a profound student of American history, and it might be well for them to

ponder this history, in the light of current events, and see if they can find any case when we have elected as President after a war a man who had not taken an active part on the firing line during the war.

In my humble judgment, submitted with the utmost respect, the next President of the United States is now commanding a brigade or a regiment in France.

CHAPTER III

TRANSPORTATION

WHEN we entered the war, Lloyd George shouted, "Ships, more ships, and still more ships!" It requires no great acumen to discover that if a nation is to carry on a war across three thousand miles of ocean, it cannot reasonably hope for success without sufficient shipping to carry its troops and supplies across the ocean. In this war we have not only to do that, but in addition we have to carry over a large part of the food and munitions of our Associated Nations, not to mention such things as rails, locomotives, and cars. Yet, though the necessity for ships is obvious, so busy a world do we live in, and so complex and varied are its interests, that the general public, the average man, does not grasp a vital fundamental fact until it has been driven into him by iteration and reiteration and then repetition, and this has been going on for the entire year as well as

for some time in the previous year. Mr. McAdoo, in fact, grasped the situation nearly three years ago and asked for legislation to meet it. But the average man being not yet educated, Congress turned down his proposition. Now, everybody seems to understand it and it is very significant that, as in the darkest hours of the Civil War when Lincoln could not sleep at night he used to wander over to the War Department where Stanton was sure to be at work, and sit down alongside the telegraph operator and read off the despatches as they came in from Grant in the Wilderness, and Sherman on the way to Atlanta, so now when Mr. Wilson goes out for a walk in the afternoon he is very apt to drop in at the Shipping Office on F Street and have a chat with Mr. Hurley.

Of the unfortunate controversy between Denman and Goethals which caused five months' delay in getting started, during which time the submarines sank nearly three million tons of ships without any compensating balance in new ships; of the relative merits, whether under normal conditions or in a crisis, of steel, wood, and concrete; of the best method of combating the submarines and of the hopes and expectations and

disappointments as to (what and how quickly) the inventive genius of Americans would do to the submarines; of the shock on learning that the cost of our greatest shipyard, estimated by our most distinguished contracting engineers at $21,000,000, had been $41,000,000, when it was not much more than half done—all these things have been discussed at such length that it seems unnecessary to continue the discussion in these pages. Certain other things, however, are not so widely known, in fact have not been discussed at all (whether by will of the Censor or not, I cannot say), and yet they are of vital importance. The first is, that the weak point in any shipping or transportation plan is the harbours of France. There is the neck of the bottle, and it is evident to the dullest mind that if a ship, when unloaded in six days, makes the round trip in twenty-six days, and if the unloading, for lack of a berth, takes thirty days so that the round trip requires fifty days—then our shipping has been cut in two just as effectually as if, having facilities for quick despatch, one-half of our tonnage had been sunk by submarines. No one is in a position to state, nor ought it to be stated if it were known, how long the average round trip has been. But it seemed to be a par-

ticularly gratifying piece of news when the Censor allowed us to know that Secretary Baker took with him the able Chief of Engineers, Major-General W. M. Black; and even more gratifying to learn a few days later that they had visited "an Atlantic port" in France where the United States had spent $40,000,000 in creating three miles of piers or docks, where forty ships can be unloading at the same time; that the dredges were still working in the muddy flats; and that it was intended to create a port equal in shipping facilities to Hamburg. Those who, on reading in a New York paper that the *Leviathan*, once the *Vaterland*, had arrived at "an Atlantic port," are sufficiently quick-witted to guess what port it is (since there is only one port on the United States Atlantic Coast that the *Vaterland* could enter) will also be able perhaps to guess what port it is from which Secretary Baker and General Black send us such glad tidings. It is not proper to risk offending the Censor by making a guess in these pages, but it may perhaps be remarked without indiscretion that there is only one port in France where it is possible to build a continuous three miles of piers and docks, and it is the best of good news to learn that these have been built,

and that more are building. If forty ships can unload where last spring there was room for only ten, a man of a mathematical turn of mind might figure out that we have gained somewhere between 200,000 and 300,000 tons of ships without being at the trouble and expense of building them.

It is also good news to learn that from this nameless port an American double track railroad leads out towards and perhaps to the sector where the American troops are now getting real training, that this is part of eight hundred miles of railroad, equal to Pennsylvania standard, that we have already built in France, and that these railroads are operated by a Brigadier-General who was recently the operating Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The locomotives are said to be standard American, *i. e.*, capable of hauling a train of sixty cars with fifty tons of freight in each—instead of twenty cars with ten tons in each, as on other Continental railroads. As troops and food and transportation are to some extent convertible terms our mathematical friend might guess that this is the same as a reinforcement of forty thousand men.

The dry figures of shipping—invested for the

moment with the interest of national life or death —are these. The shipping of the Associated Nations at the outbreak of the war amounted to about 35,000,000 tons. How many tons have been destroyed and how many have been built since 1914, no one knows except the British Admiralty and those who are in its confidence. Millions of words have been written by able writers trying to guess what the figures are. A good guess seems to be that during 1917 the sinkings were about 7,000,000 tons, and the launchings not much more than 2,000,000 tons. We would not last many years at that rate. The Shipping Board started out with a program for 5,000,000 tons of new ships in 1918, and the President cheers us up by venturing his guess after his last chat with Mr. Hurley that the number will be nearer 4,000,000 than 3,000,000. And with the new docks in the French Atlantic port which is going to be as good as Hamburg, 3,000,000 tons of shipping in 1919 will do as much work in transportation as 6,000,000 tons would have done in 1917. The British shipyards are expected to do almost if not quite as well as our own, so that it looks as if after all we shall not perish from lack of ships even if Edison and other inventors fail

to discover the specific microbe which will destroy the submarine vermin.

Perhaps the less spectacular destroyers, of which Secretary Daniels says we shall soon have a prodigious number, with the aid of the new hydroplanes, and of a device which is said to make a shell dive into the water and explode instead of ricochetting from wave to wave beyond the submarine—perhaps the human element of our undaunted seamen and our daring airmen may solve the problem without the aid of our boasted inventive genius. At all events the outlook is hopeful that before another year goes by we shall be able to make death so certain to every man who ventures out in a submarine that the German sailor will prefer to be shot for mutiny at Kiel or Wilhelmshaven or Cuxhaven rather than to await slow but certain death in the iron box. There is good ground to believe that before this year ends, we may be able to apply to Frightfulness the homeopathic treatment of *similia similibus curantur*.

So much for transportation on the other side. What about it on this side of the ocean?

One year of war has enabled us to make more progress in the solution of the railroad problem

than could have been accomplished in thirty years of peace. The Sherman Law and the Interstate Commerce Commission have been unsatisfactory to all concerned. The railroad man hates the law because it derogates from his rights and introduces alien control without corresponding responsibility; the shipper claims he does not get fair rates; labour says it does not get a square deal. Meanwhile the Interstate Commerce Commission wraps itself in its own solemnity, and speaks with bated breath of the *Rate Structure*, which it regards with the same reverence and awe that a Hindoo has for his bronze Buddha. When a fundamental matter comes up for decision, as for instance the question whether the consignee in Newark shall have the same rate from a western point as the consignee in Harlem or Queens, it requires two years of deliberation, the services of seventy-four lawyers at possibly $10,000 each, the printing of 2,000,000 words of evidence (largely irrelevant) and 300,000 words of briefs (shocking misnomer)—and in the end nothing done; the existing rates are left unchanged. It matters not that the decision may have been eminently wise and proper; the point is that the method of reaching the decision has involved so

many futilities and such a prodigal waste of time, money, and energy. As conditions now exist, Mr. McAdoo would probably decide any similar question that may arise in the following manner: he would call upon the able and experienced, practical and hard-headed railroad presidents and lawyers who surround him in the Interstate Commerce Commission building in Washington, for a report on the case; and they, with their knowledge of such business gained by a lifetime spent in it, would probably formulate a concise report on the case in one month or less; and the Director General would probably file his decision in one day—or less. If the decision is right that fact will soon be evident, and if it is wrong, the Director General must take the responsibility for his error, and he has the power to correct it as soon as the error is demonstrated. We are trying out in this railroad business, as in other things, democratic Autocracy, and during the period of the war and for two years thereafter, which is the limit of the present law, we shall find out how we like it, and whether we wish to establish the present unified control as the permanent method of conducting the business of transportation on which our prosperity so vitally depends. If it were not

for the human suffering, this war might well be worth all it has cost if it enables us to decide this question.

As to the actual results of the present law, now only three months old, it is evident that it has enabled us to tackle with a fair prospect of success the problem of supplying our own army of two or more millions of men in addition to feeding our Allies and furnishing them a considerable part of their munitions. Without the law, we certainly could not have done this. When the war broke out, the railroads promptly formed their own committee for unified control, and without adding a single locomotive or car, this committee increased the freight movement by thirty per cent. But the Interstate Commerce Commission was in the background, with its brow contracted and its warning finger raised, causing the committee to doubt whether under the Sherman Law unified control could be carried beyond a certain point, even though if it could not the loss of the war was certain. Now, with unified control supported by statute, and the Sherman Law relegated to the scrap heap, it is probable that with a comparatively small expenditure for new locomotives and cars, with standardized equipment and

methods, the building of a terminal here and a belt line there, the construction of some link only a few miles long (the necessity of which had for years been conceded, but as to the terms of which the rival railroads could not agree), the broadening of vision on the part of the railway manager as he comes to realize that he is a component part of a great system engaged in a gigantic and vital task, and that what is needed of him is honest team work and not underhanded competition and petty jealousy—after a few months of this with the thermometer hovering around 60° instead of 6°, there is every reason to believe that the efficiency of the railroads, measured by daily train movements, will be increased fully eighty per cent.—possibly a hundred per cent. We are slow in getting into this war, but when we do get there, we come in (as the expressive slang goes) with both feet.

Another forward step of only less importance than the unified control of the railroads, has been the placing of the storage and transportation of the army supplies in the hands of one man, and selecting for the post of director an administrator of demonstrated ability. The war began with the storage and transportation of food and

clothing in one bureau, firearms, powder and projectiles in another, medical supplies in a third, and aviation material in a fourth; each endeavouring to get its own trains and ships and claiming priority orders against the others and against the purchasing agents of our Allies. The result was congestion and chaos, and finally the dumping out in the open alongside the tracks of the Jersey freight yards of several hundred million dollars' worth of materials (produced at two or three times their normal cost in consequence of "double rush" orders) where much of this material is still placidly rusting away. Now, under the sole direction of General Goethals, warehouses are being rapidly built in Atlantic ports and in the interior, capable of holding a year's supply of everything used in the army, from beans to buttons, from chloroform to liberty motors. These things will all remain in the warehouses until the ships which are to carry them oversea are ready to come alongside the piers; then they will be made up in train loads at Chicago or other interior point and sent through without stop or shunting to the particular Atlantic port where their particular ship is waiting for them. In brief, we are about to have system and common-sense instead of unco-ordinated

bureaucracy, confusion, and nonsense. It is difficult to express in percentages the exact increase in efficiency, but it may be said that it starts from zero and goes a long way up.

The question of ships, and more ships, of steel and wood and concrete, of submarine losses and of our inventive genius which was to furnish the U-boat antidote while you wait but which as yet has not quite made good—all this (as already stated) has been so fully "covered" that a repetition here would be out of place. The question of ships is one of the few questions connected with the war which has gripped the imagination and of which the general public has had a fairly accurate comprehension. There are, however, two features of the shipping question to which public attention has not been adequately directed. The first is the possibilities of the Barge Canal in the State of New York as a factor in the transportation problem. This project had its origin in the report of a "Committee on Canals" appointed by Governor Roosevelt on his accession in 1899, which report was forwarded by him to the Legislature, in January, 1900, with an urgent recommendation for its adoption. Now at last, after

eighteen years have gone by and $150,000,000 have been expended, this waterway is completed. It is already in full operation as far as Oswego and will be opened to Buffalo during the present year. For the purposes of the war, the route via Oswego, Lake Ontario, and the Welland Canal is as good as, and (by its wide waterway) in some respects better than, the route via Buffalo. By the Oswego route, a single vessel of 1800 tons' freight capacity, or a unit of four smaller vessels with aggregate capacity of 3000 tons of freight can carry the bread and meat needed for our soldiers (and the quantity is great) from Duluth and Chicago to New York and Boston, for delivery to the steamer, or storehouses, at those ports. They can do this without breaking bulk, with greater speed and certainty than has ever been accomplished by railroads in the past, and at something less than half the cost. The capacity of the Canal during the eight or nine months of lake navigation is not less than 10,000,000 tons. The only question is how and where to find the carriers. The answer is to build the vessels or boats of concrete at one or more of fifty available points along the 1500 miles of this waterway, with 12,000,000 population, from New York to Chicago. The materials

needed are cement, sand, broken stone, and steel rods or bars of simple form. Sand and broken stone are to be had anywhere and everywhere. The cement mills are crying for orders, their business having been seriously crippled and their output reduced to sixty per cent. of capacity by the suspension of building operations and the scarcity of labour and fuel. Steel mills which can not turn out great forgings or complicated bridge and ship materials can make the reinforcing metal with ease, and the tonnage of steel per ton of ship is very small. Not very much skilled labour is required, and by building simultaneously at numerous points the disturbance of the unskilled labour market will be a minimum; and the housing problem need not arise. The hulls can be completed in from sixty to ninety days, and with proper forethought and planning, the supplying of Diesel engines is not an impossible problem. Only one word of caution is needed, and that is the need of having the work supervised by engineers who understand concrete. If the building contractor thinks that the kind of concrete he has been putting into skyscrapers will make a watertight boat he may find out that he has made a costly mistake. On the other hand, if the con-

crete is such as has been used for several years in hydro-electric power plants for carrying water in huge conduits under a head of forty feet without leakage, it should be a great success.

Reference has already been made to the harbours of France which are so unlike those of the highly favoured country in which we live. There are in France no such harbours as those of Boston, Narragansett Bay, New York, and Hampton Roads. The French Atlantic ports are at the outlets of comparatively small streams, where these break through the sand dunes which, except for the chalk cliffs near Boulogne, form the coast line from Belgium to Spaïn. All of them combined have a capacity for anchorage or dockage much less than that of any one of the four American ports above named. The war has thrown upon them a freight movement several times greater than that for which their docks and other harbour works were designed and constructed. These have now been doubled or trebled in capacity by American capital and American labour. Surely, the American public intends that when these works are no longer needed for our soldiers, they will be handed over to the French people to aid in the reconstruction which must follow the

war, and to contribute to building up, in the years to come, the economic strength and the foreign commerce of that gallant and splendid French race, but for whose heroic and steadfast resistance to Teutonic ambition we in America would by now have become Teutonic slaves.

CHAPTER IV

CENSORSHIP

CÆSAR and Napoleon were not bothered by newspaper reporters, war correspondents, or military attachés. When Cæsar defeated the Helvetii not so very far from Belfort, the extreme right of the present line of the Allies; or when, later, after crossing the Rhine at a point within less than a hundred miles of Liége and Verdun, he gained a decisive military victory over Ariovistus and the ancient Hun as, please God, Cæsar's descendants will in due course gain a decisive victory over Wilhelm von Hohenzollern and the modern Hun, he habitually called a scribe, who, at Cæsar's dictation, and in language which without exaggeration or offence can be described as more concise and lucid than that of our censor, inscribed with a stylus upon a papyrus roll a concise but sufficient account of the action. This was forthwith despatched by a caballus or mounted

man across the Alps, the fertile valley of the Po (where the Italian army is now at bay, and from which in Cæsar's time came so much of the food needed for his army as he did not capture from the storehouses of Ariovistus), and thence over the Apennines to the great high road leading to Rome.

The distance from the Rhine bridge, near Cologne, to the Forum at Rome was more than eight hundred (English) miles, and the northern part of the route was infested with Teutonic spies; but if the caballus was a vigorous and alert youth with a good horse (as was usually the case), and if he escaped the many dangers of the road, he reached Rome in something less than a month. The report which he bore was immediately read to the Senate; and doubtless it was acclaimed with applause by Cæsar's nephew and his other admirers, while Cicero, who like John Adams and Charles Sumner, was ever jealous of military men, and Brutus, who was already alarmed at the growth of Cæsar's military fame and its possible political consequences, probably sat silent.

It was certain that the information thus conveyed to the Roman public could not by any possibility reach Ariovistus in less than another

month. News two months old was not of much value to the enemy, and even if it reached him when less stale it was very apt, as sometimes happens under our censor, to tell him nothing which he did not already know, either through the energy of his own spies or because it was a matter of such common gossip that every fool knew it.

The story of Cæsar's campaign in the same region where the fate of modern civilization is now being decided can be studied with profit at this present moment, even to the neglect of those brilliant penmen, who, although not bred to the profession of arms or ever having had a day of military service, give us every Sunday morning seven columns and upward of their thoughts on the military situation, and their speculations as to its probable outcome. In fact, the military problems of the year 57 B.C. and those of 1918 A.D. are not dissimilar, and Cæsar told his story in language of extraordinary lucidity and brevity, so that the layman could then and can now grasp it as well as the professional soldier; yet the whole story of the eight years of war in Gaul, in which the fate of the then known world was decided for the next four hundred years—until

Rome was sacked by the Huns—contains fewer words than the modern "military expert" puts into a few Sunday editions.

But while this classic book may be studied at this present moment—even by the censor, busy man as he is—for instruction as to the problems which face us in this year 1918, yet on one question we can gain no information from Cæsar, viz.; the question how the news is to be handled, so as to keep the folks at home fully informed about their sons and brothers and more than friends "over there," and at the same time not divulge to the enemy any fact which he does not already know or which can aid him in his plans against us.

It was much the same about nineteen centuries later, when Napoleon assembled a large army at Boulogne with the intention of invading Britain, but, becoming convinced that this project was not feasible because he did not command the sea, he faced about and with that celerity of thought and action which was characteristic of him he marched across the breadth of France in the summer of 1805, crossed the Rhine in the vicinity of the Black Forest, surrounded and captured the Austrian army at Ulm, marched down the Danube, till he brought another Austrian army to battle

and defeat, entered Vienna in triumph, and then installed himself in the Hapsburg palace at Schönbrunn, whither he sent Talleyrand to fetch his second wife a few years later. As the winter came on the Russians joined the Austrian fugitives, and Napoleon left the palace at Vienna and marched with his usual speed northward towards these Teutons and their Slav allies. He fell upon them at Austerlitz and in one short December day slew a great part of them and caused most of the others to drown in the icy swamps and rivers near that historic little village.

Prussia was then governed by Friedrich Wilhelm von Hohenzollern, great-grandfather to Wilhelm von Hohenzollern, who now reigns, and boasts that not man but himself (superman) and God decide who shall reign in Prussia. This Friedrich Wilhelm was not given to boasting. He was a poor, weak thing, almost as feeble a creature as that Nikolai Alexandrovitch Romanoff, who has lately made shipwreck of the throne of his ancestors.

Friedrich Wilhelm sympathized with the Hapsburg Kaiser who had been so rudely ejected from his own palace by this upstart from Corsica, and he desired to make an alliance with the Austrian

ruler as soon as the conditions should be favourable. But while he was thinking about it Napoleon decided to break up the alliance before it had passed from thought to actuality. So he marched north from Austria into Prussia, met the army of the weak-minded Friedrich Wilhelm at Jena in the summer of 1806, and inflicted upon it a defeat which became a rout. As the Teutons fled to Berlin Napoleon pursued them, took their capital, installed himself in the Potsdam palace, sent the hat and sword of Friedrich II. (sometimes called "The Great") to Paris for installation at the Invalides Museum, took the head of the table at dinner with the unhappy Friedrich Wilhelm at the foot, and compelled the beautiful Queen Louise, who in spite of her stout heart was on the verge of tears, to listen to his none too delicate pleasantries. The art and literary treasures which Friedrich II. had collected at Potsdam during the time he was on good terms with Voltaire were sent to the Louvre in Paris. With every fortified place between the Elbe and the Oder—Dessau, Wittenberg, Magdeburg, and Erfurt—in his possession, with Hohenlohe the Prussian commander and Blücher the only Prussian general of ability prisoners of war; and the wretched king only escaping capture

during his flight from Austerlitz, by a brazen lie on the part of Blücher, who gave his word of honour as a soldier to the French commander that an armistice had been declared when, as a matter of fact, none had ever been considered, Napoleon inflicted upon Prussia every indignity that his fertile mind could invent. Seldom, if ever, in the history of the world, has a nation been so completely down as was Prussia in this winter of 1805–06; although if we Americans have the same courage and inflexibility of purpose as the French have shown in the last three years a new record will probably be established during the next three years.

Had Napoleon been as great and painstaking a statesman as Cæsar he might have settled the affairs of Europe for four hundred years, and this greatest of all wars which is now in progress would not have happened. But Napoleon slipped a cog. In the treaty which he imposed upon the worthless Friedrich Wilhelm he stipulated that the Prussian army should consist of not more than 42,000 men. It was the custom then for soldiers to make almost a life work of soldiering. They were caught young and were enlisted for twelve, fifteen, or even eighteen years; and probably Napoleon never

dreamed of any other length of service when he compelled the feeble Prussian to agree that his army should not exceed 42,000 men.

But there were then, as always, men in the Prussian service of cunning and resourceful ability; and three of them, Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, and Stein, concocted a scheme which changed the history of the world. Instead of enlisting their 42,000 men for twelve or fifteen years they enlisted them for two years with the colours, and for an indefinite subsequent period in the reserve, not performing military duty, and therefore not technically to be numbered or counted as part of the army. At the end of six years there were not merely 42,000, but 250,000 trained soldiers in Prussia; and in 1814, under the command of a fiery old warrior of no small skill in his profession, named Blücher, these 250,000 new soldiers, with the aid of some Austrians and Russians actually inflicted upon Napoleon himself at the battle of Leipzig, only a few miles from Jena, a defeat hardly if at all less disastrous than the one he had inflicted upon the same foe seven years before.

Blücher drove Napoleon straight back to Paris, more than five hundred miles, and there forced his abdication and exile to Elba. It took the

best part of a year, but it was a wonderful campaign. Napoleon fought with all the skill of a champion fencer about to lose his championship—and he lost it.

Napoleon wrote reports of Jena and of Leipzig, marvellously clear in expression, concealing some facts and emphasizing others. He caused these to be printed in the *Moniteur Officiel* in Paris, and the Parisians eagerly sought his bulletins, which, without odious comparison, were more interesting than those with which our censor is wont to favour us on Monday mornings. But there was no quicker way to get the news to Paris than was available to Cæsar's caballus, and by the time the news got back to Blücher it was stale, and told him nothing of the things he wanted to know.

Thus, while Napoleon used the political censor to accomplish his own purposes he gave no worry to the thought of the military censor; and while his writings in the *Moniteur Officiel*, somewhat embellished later when he redictated them to Las Cases at St. Helena, tell us nothing about censorship, they may still, like Cæsar's *Commentaries*, be studied with profit in connection with the problems of 1918.

Particularly is it to be hoped that the young writer about diplomacy, as he prepares his valuable documents for the statesman who alone, as he tells us, foresaw this present world agony, will not overlook a certain treaty signed at Tilsit in 1807, and that the prophetic statesman himself, who clearly foresaw this greatest of all wars at a time when Secretaries of State, Ambassadors, and others who had had some experience at Washington, at London, and The Hague, were convinced that there would never be another great war—it is hoped that the President's unofficial adviser, who knows all the statesmen in Europe, will, when he presides at the green table where after a military victory the fate of the world is to be decided, keep a sharp watch to see that the German and Austrian representatives do not put over any such paragraph, so filled with possibilities of unforeseen interpretation destined to bring such disaster to mankind, as that which Gneisenau put over in 1806 in regard to the future Prussian army.

As already stated, the conditions as to censorship were the same in Napoleon's as in Cæsar's time. The uses of steam and electricity for conveying intelligence more rapidly than it could be transmitted by a fleet horse were not discovered

until after Napoleon's death in 1821. The first war of any consequence to be fought after steam and electricity had become the servants of army commanders was in the Crimea in 1854. One W. H. Russell was the pioneer in the modern art of enabling a newspaper to put on the breakfast table an account of yesterday's battle. So far as can be learned there was then no censor, or if he existed he did not recognize in the war correspondent the dangerous criminal that he was destined to become.

In our Civil War this same Russell came to America, and he provided the readers of New York newspapers in the last week of July, 1861, a picturesque account of our first battle, which was anything but pleasant reading. All that the public could do by way of revenge was to dub him "Bull Run Russell," a name which he carried thenceforth to his grave.

During the Civil War the war correspondent rapidly rose to a position of first importance. He was employed by various political generals to give glowing acounts of their personal prowess, with the idea that these histories would be powerful factors in swaying votes at political conventions to be held after the war. The news that they

furnished was printed in newspapers which a few days later, owing to the camaraderie which throughout the Civil War existed between "Yank" and "Johnny" on the picket line in the long interludes between battles, were exchanged for tobacco and found their way to Richmond. Commanding generals complained, and with reason, that not only the movements of their troops, but their plans as to future movements, became known to the enemy with distressing rapidity. Stanton exercised most ruthlessly the vast powers which Congress had conferred upon him (and some which it had not), but the censorship idea does not seem to have occurred to him.

In the War of 1870 the war correspondent became still more a prominent factor. Bismarck quickly saw how, by colouring and distorting his despatches, he could use him for his own purpose. The French generals were not so quick to realize his importance and the danger of him. It was in this war that Archibald Forbes became famous. He possessed wonderful powers of description, and the vivid, if not truthful, accounts which he sent every night from the French headquarters were eagerly devoured by the London public the next morning.

In the War of 1877 the Russian General Staff fully realized the value of accurate and discreet news and the danger of communicating intelligence to the enemy. From the Russian lines at Plevna, by courier to the telegraph office on the Danube, thence by wire to London, the news of yesterday's battle was in today's morning papers. And so much of it as the Turkish Ambassador or his advisers considered important was at the Seraskierat (War Department) in Constantinople in a few hours, and thence went in even less time to the Turk at Plevna; so that the despatches written on the field up to six o'clock of an afternoon, describing, for instance, Skobeleff's great assault on the Krishin Redoubt, were placed on Osman Pasha's field desk (two miles away) about noon on the following day.

If they contained news which ought not to have been sent, as was frequently the case with the despatches of Archibald Forbes, they were distinctly harmful; if, on the other hand, they were written by men who, like Frank D. Millet and J. A. MacGahan, were the soul of honour, they contained nothing (even though most confidential information had been imparted to these writers in order to enable them to understand the bat-

tles they described) that would be of value to the enemy. The elaborate regulations governing war correspondents which had been drawn up by the Russian General Staff—registration, passport with photograph, brancard with "Korrespondent" in capital letters, and various other features designed to establish the status of the writer and make his identity evident in every part of the army and hold him responsible for what he wrote—did not fully meet the case.

There were swarms of correspondents of all nationalities—more than eighty of them at the crossing of the Danube, of whom only four survived the snows of the Balkans and arrived at San Stefano with the advance guard eight months later; and of these four, all engaged by London newspapers, three (Frank D. Millet, J. A. MacGahan, and E. M. Grant) were Americans. There were also upward of twenty foreign officers from almost as many nations attached to General Headquarters at the opening of the campaign, but only two, one German and one American, caught sight of St. Sophia, lit up by the setting sun of a February day in the marvellous blue sky, as they approached Constantinople with Skobeleff at the head of his leading regiment.

The utmost courtesy was extended to these officers, and some of them received every day as a matter of routine a copy of the orders issued to corps and division commanders for the march or fighting of the following day. They were allowed to attach themselves to any division or brigade and follow it into battle in order to make their observations at close range. So far as is known, these privileges were not abused except in two cases. In consequence of misstatements, Forbes was sent away from the army before the war was one-third over and forbidden ever to return; and the relations between Russia and England became so strained as the war progressed that the British Military Attaché, Lieut.-Colonel Fred. Wellesley, was invited to return to England with a diplomatic request that no one be sent to replace him.

It was the subtle Japanese mind that in 1904 invented the modern censor. While the siege of Port Arthur was in progress all the military attachés, as well as the correspondents, were lodged at Government expense at a hotel in Tokio, where they were attended by several Japanese staff officers of charming address, who brought to them from hour to hour the news received at the

War Office. To their urgent requests that they be allowed to go to the front and observe the progress of events with their own eyes and interpret them in their own language, most polite response was made that for the moment this was not possible.

After the fall of Port Arthur, as Nogi advanced toward Mukden, the herd of scribes was transferred under tactful chaperons to Manchuria and followed the movements of the army at an exasperatingly safe distance. A few days after a battle, when the dead had been buried and the field tidied up and the army moved on some miles ahead, the foreign officers and the newspaper men were advanced to the late scene of action and there received an elaborate lecture from a thoroughly competent, highly educated, and most polite officer of the General Staff, explaining in full detail the phases of last week's battle.

It is needless to say that this was not the way in which they or their employers desired to obtain their information. But the Japanese never changed their rules—or their politeness.

In the present war the censor has come into his full glory and the military attaché and his newspaper colleague have been taught their place.

The number of officers engaged in opening soldiers' letters and obliterating what they imagine ought not to have been written to family or friend thousands of miles away, or in reading telegraphic despatches and holding up the cable service from three to seven days, would easily furnish all the officers necessary for several divisions of fighting troops. As the war has progressed through its second, third, and now its fourth year, common sense has gradually got the upper hand as to the despatches from the actual fighting lines. There are more than one skilled and trained writer, like Philip Gibbs, close up to the firing line who give us every morning adequate, intelligent, concise, but sufficient accounts of yesterday's work with machine gun and shrapnel, gas, bomb, and bayonet, airplane and Zeppelin. Their reports are equal to the best of Millet and MacGahan and Davis in previous wars. They do not give information to the enemy and they do give to the public at home accurate, vivid, admirable statements of fact. They are illustrated by a profusion of lithographic reproductions of the best maps which has not been possible in previous wars.

But if the news from the front is first-class and regulated by sound common sense, what shall be

said of the futilities which the censor and his minions practice in regard to news at the rear? These have been so ridiculed and so widely discussed and reprobated that any further reference to them here would be a useless waste of space. But of one particular thing, of such fundamental importance to the morale of the army, very little has been said. It relates to embarkation.

During our first year of war there have been four military parades in New York—the New York National Guard on their way to entrain for Spartanburg; a brigade of the Rainbow Division; New York's only coloured regiment; and a considerable part of the Upton national army division. These four organizations have marched down Fifth Avenue. They have been bid Godspeed on their immortal mission by large and enthusiastic crowds, and to their dying day every man of them will remember the event with pride and satisfaction; while thousands of young men who watched them from the sidewalks have hastened to voluntary enlistment in the regular army without waiting for their number to be reached in the draft; so that they, too, might perhaps march down the world-famous avenue

and receive the applause of those who line its sidewalks for every such occasion.

Meanwhile during this first year of war (deleted) thousands, or perhaps hundreds of thousands, of other troops, regulars, National Guards, national army, have come into Camp (deleted) near an Atlantic port, have remained there a few days and have then at some hour between midnight and sunrise entrained upon the (deleted) railroad and proceeded to the (deleted) piers, where they have been transferred to the (deleted) ship and (deleted) ship. They have been sent below and have been told not to show themselves on deck until after dark the next night. Then about (deleted) A.M. the ship has backed out into the (deleted) river forming part of an Atlantic port, and before the sun rises they have shipped out to sea — like a filibustering expedition bound to the Spanish Main.

Now, the censor seems to think that by these subtle precautions he has prevented the German Great General Staff from learning when, how, and in what numbers our troops are being sent abroad, which is a colossal piece of self-deception. Any German spy who has fifteen cents in his pocket can go to (deleted) station on the (deleted) rail-

road and buy a ticket for (deleted) station about five miles away. He can then sit down on the bench of the first station and wait till his train comes along, which when troops are being entrained is likely to be several hours hence.

In front of his bench is the siding on which all troops entrain for the nameless piers of an Atlantic port. He can count the cars as they pull out in the darkness, and he has a fairly accurate idea of how many soldiers go in an ordinary day coach. As daylight approaches and the entraining ceases, he can then buy another ticket which will convey him to a station about (deleted) yards from the transports to which these soldiers have been conveyed. Then for three cents more he can embark on a ferryboat which almost touches the transports as it passes the unknown piers.

If his conscience is good, as is often the case with the worst of German spies, he will pay three cents for every trip, but there is no law or order which will prevent him from spending the next twenty-four or thirty-six hours in this way, until he actually sees the ships back out in the murky night into the river. Then he can take the ferry to (deleted) Street on (deleted), and thence to (deleted) ferry, where he can get on the (de-

leted) Island ferry and run parallel to the ships as they start for "over there," and he can sit in the (deleted) Island ferry house, or walk along the street in the village of (deleted) and count the ships with accuracy, even on a dark night, for the channel is such that they pass very close to the shore of that village. At the end of his two days' tour of duty he can make a full and accurate report to the master spy, giving the number, and probably the names, of the ships which have stolen away in the darkness.

He can even, if he is of a plausible and chatty turn, report the name and number of each regiment which has embarked; for these can be obtained by rubbing up against the men when there is no officer close by in the darkness, wishing them the best of luck, and asking how they left the folks out in Ohio; to which the ingenuous lad in khaki would probably reply that he is from Indiana, the 309th Infantry, but the Ohio regiment is going to entrain next.

Having received the report, the master spy will promptly send his radiogram to Berlin—just as he would if the loading had taken place in daylight and had been fully reported in the daily papers; provided, of course, that he has radio

connection with Berlin, by way of Mexico or otherwise. And if he is not thus connected then it would make no difference whether or not the whole story was printed in the papers with four-inch headlines.

If the censor had ever experienced the reactions of battle—nay, if he had ever worn a uniform and experienced a setting-up drill—he might have some notion of the psychology of this military business; how soldiers love applause; how great commanders like Napoleon at Arcole and Skobeleff at Plevna expose themselves to the most fearful risks in order to gain reputation for themselves and encourage their subordinates to be courageous in face of danger; while these same great men, when they happened to run by accident into the enemy's lines on a reconnoissance, have turned tail and dug their spurs into their horses' side until they were out of danger—because nobody was looking; how the boy who has never been out of his native village in a remote State and never would have been but for this war and conscription, since he is going to put his life to the chance, would like to have as many people as possible see him when he starts out to do his part in saving civilization—instead of "cheesing it" in the dark

and getting about as much applause as a man receives when he passes through the streets on his way from the Tombs to Sing Sing.

It's all a part of the game, this marching off to the war. It goes with the uniform, with the blatant bands and blaring trumpets, with the flying colours and the tingling blood, as the lad of twenty-two starts out to play with Death in a great game, and hopes he will do his part in it as well as his father and his grandfather or his uncles and their fathers did their part when in their day there were things to be settled which can only be settled by blood and suffering.

Every week for many months, if the Secretary of War speaks truly, many thousands of our soldiers have sailed for France, on the greatest enterprise since the dawn of history. No one has been allowed to see them, to bid them God-speed, to wish them the best of luck, to cheer them on the journey from which so many of them will never come back. They have been sent forth like sneaks in a cheap burglary.

Is it not time that these futilities should end? Would it not be better to march the troops in full field kit from Camp Merritt to Fort Lee Ferry, cross the Hudson River in such number of ferry-

boats as are necessary, march through the Hollow Way where Washington and Greene fought in 1776, and through the Central Park, which so many of these boys have heard of but never expected to see, to Mr. Carnegie's house at Ninetieth Street, and then down the famous avenue to the Washington Arch and through Greenwich Village to the Cunard docks, sending the Cunard steamers to Weehawken to get their freight and passengers there, and bringing the *Leviathan* and the other ex-German ships to the Tenth Street piers? Let the bands play as the men march on the ships, and let every siren and whistle screech as the ships move slowly down the bay.

If people think that the method of embarkation has nothing to do with the morale of an army and the winning of the war, they know less about it than they will know two years hence.

CHAPTER V

TACTICS

In this country the science and art of war is of exotic growth. The first immigrants, Pilgrims and Puritans in New England, Dutch and English in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, Cavaliers and Convicts in Virginia, Scotch-Irish in Georgia, all carried a gun on their shoulders whenever they left their homes, whether their mission was to go to church, kill a bear, or plough a field. As they pushed the Indians back, a movement which began near the ocean on their arrival and ended at the Rocky Mountains only a few years ago, they learned more or less the Indian mode of warfare, which was simply the ancient and primeval method of chase. A century and a half of this practice, which served their purpose well and gained their object in the larger as well as the smaller Indian wars of the eighteenth century, had implanted in their minds the idea that this

was the only kind of warfare which was suited to American ideals or would be tolerated here. In the Revolution, Washington and Greene with the aid of Steuben and Pulaski and De Kalb and other foreign adventurers who had had some knowledge of discipline and drill and team work in actual war, used their utmost endeavour to convert the lawless militia into a regular military force. But they did not succeed. Washington gained us our independence by his extraordinary military ability, sound judgment, and inflexible will; but the militia idea, the idea that war is to be carried on in the same manner that wild animals are hunted and killed, so far from being weakened or destroyed by the Revolution, was strengthened and more firmly implanted in the American mind. The first militia law of 1792 was based on these principles: individual ownership of arms, individual action in time of war, the election of officers, seven days' drill in a year. When called out by the President the minuteman was to respond with his rifle and powder-horn, and when the "war" was over (as to which he reserved his own right to decide) he returned home; just as in previous days when the Indians tried to raid his cattle and scalp his wife—or worse—he and his neighbours

banded together to drive them back; and then returned to resume clearing the forest and ploughing a by no means fertile soil. But our ancestors throughout the nineteenth century were firmly convinced that a disciplined army, which understood the art of war, was a very dangerous thing and was not to be tolerated except for a very limited period, in very small numbers and for a specific, concrete, tangible, purpose; as for instance, to repel an enemy already in action against us. The idea of training in advance an army adequate to defend us and having it ready when the enemy arrived was not tolerated. Any public man who advocated such ideas went down to defeat at the next election and disappeared from public life.

But Washington and Hamilton, who looked facts in the face and did not confuse ideals with actualities, laboured incessantly during the fifteen to twenty years spared them after the Revolution to lay the foundation for a disciplined army, instructed in the Science and Art of War. Their ideas bore fruit (curiously enough when Jefferson was President) in the establishment of a Military Academy at West Point. This was in 1802; but Jefferson and Madison did little to protect their infant; it was a sickly child and was in danger of dying

on their hands any time during the first fifteen years of its life. Then two things happened: first, the War of 1812, which was conducted strictly on the militia plan, and, if Great Britain had not been fully occupied with Napoleon, would speedily have changed us from a United States of America into a Dominion of the British Empire; second, the advent, at West Point as its Superintendent, of one of those remarkable men who appear at intervals of a century or more, who seem to have been born for one sole purpose and to be alone, among millions of fellow beings, capable of accomplishing it; and, like the century plant, when they have accomplished the purpose for which they have lived they disappear forever from public view.

Thayer served as a cadet from March, 1807, to February, 1808. The Military Academy then consisted of a superintendent, a teacher of drawing and French, an acting professor of mathematics, and fifteen cadets. The superintendent, Jonathan Williams, colonel of engineers and inspector of fortifications, had never seen a day of military service. His fighting years, from the age of 20 to 40, while our Revolutionary War was in progress and before and after it, were passed in

Europe, part of the time as private secretary to his great uncle Benjamin Franklin and part of the time as a merchant engaged in the West Indies trade, as United States commercial agent at Nantes and as tobacco agent for the Farmers-General of France. John Adams, in the last month of his administration, appointed him a major in the corps of engineers and inspector of fortifications; and when Jefferson ordered the Military Academy to be ettablished on July 4, 1802 (with grave misgivings as to its constitutionality) he designated Williams as the first superintendent. In less than a year Williams resigned on a question of punctilio and returned to mercantile pursuits, but in 1805 Jefferson persuaded him to return to the army with increased rank and to the superintendency. Most of his time, however, was spent in New York Harbour inspecting the fortifications, including Castle Williams, which was named after him, which then were being built in anticipation of a war with Napoleon who was issuing his Berlin decrees or with England which was responding with its Orders in Council; Jefferson found no better means of retaliation than his ridiculous embargo; and between them all our commerce was being ruined, our ships were rotting at their wharves,

and we were brought to as deep humiliation as any independent nation ever endured. During Williams's almost constant absence the acting superintendent was one Major Barron, under whom riots among the Cadets were frequent; he was brought to trial by court-martial for gross neglect of duty—and forthwith he resigned. The teacher of French and drawing was a Frenchman and the acting professor of mathematics was a Swiss. Neither could understand or speak English fluently, and while the latter was a man of high scientific attainments and afterwards organized the U. S. Coast Survey through which our seamen began to have charts, neither had any idea of discipline, and the cadets "played ball" with them, attending lectures and recitations when and as they saw fit—or not at all.

During the eleven months that he was a cadet, Thayer gained a very clear idea of what a hollow shell was this "Military Academy"; which later in a few years of his firm grasp was to attain an international reputation and after its fruits had been tested in Grant and Lee, Sherman and Stonewall Jackson it came to be acknowledged by almost unanimous consent of the soldiers of all nations as the foremost military school in the world.

His service as chief engineer of our armies in the field from 1812 to 1815 confirmed his opinion of worthlessness of our militia system and the necessity of adequate military training if we were to maintain our independence. When the war closed in 1815, Madison (who had been a captain in the Continental Army under Washington) sent him to Europe for two years to study fortifications and the Napoleonic battlefields and battles. He arrived just too late to be present at Waterloo but he saw the great armies before they were disbanded. On his return in 1817, Monroe appointed him, at the age of thirty-two years, Superintendent of the Military Academy. He found the place in a disgraceful condition of chaos. Within four years by the sheer force of his own will, his ripe scholarship, and his extensive knowledge of military affairs, he had produced the Military Academy as it has existed without fundamental or vital change for nearly a hundred years. He, and he alone, saved the military art from becoming a lost art in this country. He had little trouble in bending the weaker will of Monroe to this purpose; with the obstinate and quarrelsome John Quincy Adams he had no little trouble in maintaining his ideas of what should be the discipline

and instruction of those who were to command our troops in future wars, as to the recurrence of which he had no illusions, although pacifists were then as plentiful as now.

But finally came Andrew Jackson, the lawless President, who was a firm believer in the militia idea. His opinion was strengthened by the fact that he had gained the battle of New Orleans without any regulars, although he was fighting against Wellington's Peninsular veterans. He abhorred discipline. Whenever a cadet was dismissed for a flagrant offence he had only to travel to Washington, tell his story to his Senator, go with him to the White House, and receive his order of reinstatement, with which he returned to West Point as fast as he had travelled to Washington. One of them thought it a good joke to celebrate his return by erecting in front of the cadet barracks an "Old Hickory" pole.

Finally Thayer could stand it no longer. Jackson had just been inaugurated for a second term, and there were to be four years more of his Presidency and of his contempt for discipline. In the summer of 1833 Thayer resigned. Five years later President Van Buren begged him to resume his duties as superintendent, and promised never

in any circumstances to interfere with the discipline of the cadets; but, knowing how completely Van Buren was under Jackson's influence, Thayer respectfully declined the appointment. He passed the rest of his life building the forts in Boston Harbour and elsewhere, and finally, at the age of eighty-seven, he passed into oblivion, except for those who have sought information as to how West Point became famous.

During the sixteen years of his superintendency Thayer had built his structure of a military academy on so solid a rock foundation that not Jackson nor any of his successors, powerful as they were and hard as some of them tried, could tear it down. Its graduates won the brilliant victories in Mexico; some of them, Lee, Jackson, the two Johnstons, and others, by their splendid ability as military commanders, prolonged the war of rebellion to twice its natural length; and others of them, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, Meade, Hancock, McPherson, and others, by their equally brilliant campaigns and backed by the greater economic resources of the North and the steadfast leadership of Lincoln, settled the quarrel between the States, settled it right, settled it to the equal satisfaction of victor and vanquished.

Its graduates now command our army in France; and on their success or failure in fiery battle, and not upon any "State papers" however brilliant in diction, depends the question whether we are to remain an independent nation or become part of a Holy German Empire, founded on Prussian Kultur.

Thayer saw clearly in the War of 1812 how utterly inadequate our militia system was to achieve by force of arms a national policy which is the only reason for war and disciplined armies. For instance, at the present moment our national policy is to remain a free and independent State instead of becoming a German province; and as Germany takes the opposite view and uses her army in the attempt to impose her will on us, we can only achieve our purpose by force of arms. Such things have been since history first began to be written, and probably will so continue for many centuries to come, notwithstanding that we wish it were otherwise. But the American people have steadily believed that it was otherwise because they wished it to be; and our genial Secretary of War, six months after we had been at war, in a flattering biographical notice, said:

"I delight in the fact that when we entered this

war we were not, as our adversary, ready for it, anxious for it, prepared for it, and inviting it. On the other hand, accustomed to peace, we were not ready."

Whether he has changed his opinion since he returned from France is not known. Certainly he has not done so with the same publicity as was given to his interview, which can be found by those who are interested in Collier's *Weekly*, October 7, 1917, page 7, column 2.

Before we are through with this bloody business; when the weekly casualties in our army, like those of the British Army in a recent week, number 6000 killed, 29,000 wounded, and 5000 taken prisoners by an inhuman foe and subjected to suffering which is worse than death or wounds; when it is realized that a large part of the deaths, wounds, and tortures inflicted on the finest flower of American youth might possibly have been saved if reasonable preparation for national defence had been made in the thirty-two months preceding our entrance into the war, and when the ghosts of those gallant lads who have died and the criticisms of the brothers and sisters of those who have been tortured by wounds or imprisonment come to disturb the sleep of this well-mean-

ing young pacifist who is so strangely out of place as a War Minister, then, perhaps, his "delight" may turn to remorse and anguish and bitter tears.

Sylvanus Thayer was of sterner stuff, bred in the granite hills of New Hampshire where body and soul cannot be kept together without vigorous, constant, and well-directed effort, and never-failing economy. He worked his way through Dartmouth College before he went to West Point by teaching others while he himself was being taught. He knew the difference between realities and vague dreams of how he would like things to be. He set to work to save the military art from perishing in this country; and he succeeded by the sheer weight of an indomitable will, abundant knowledge, well-matured plans, and tireless energy.

Among the most distinguished of the cadets while Thayer was superintendent, was Dennis H. Mahan, who was a cadet from 1820 to 1824, during which time he easily led all his classmates in scholastic attainments. He had, in fact, a more solid mind and reasoned more closely than his son, Alfred T. Mahan, who gave such expression to a single thought, *The Influence of Sea Power in History*, that it may be said without exaggeration that he did as much as any man in the nineteenth

century to influence the course of history in the twentieth century. There is no question that his books on sea power first inspired the German Emperor to create a German navy; and it is equally true that these same books, more than any other single cause, impelled Englishmen to have a navy as great as that of any two possible adversaries.

The elder Mahan was sent, probably on Thayer's recommendation, soon after his graduation to France. He entered the Ecole des Ponts et Chaussées, where his scholarship was as brilliant as it had been at West Point, and after that he spent some time in studying the battlefields in the "Low Countries," where the armies of Marlborough, Turenne, Condé, Eugene of Savoy, and William of Orange had fought in the eighteenth century and those of Joffre and French and von Klück fought in the twentieth century; where Vauban and Noizet had carried the science of fortification to its highest development in the age of Louis XIV. and Brialmont modified it to meet modern conditions in the time of the German Kaiser.

Returning to America in 1832, Mahan was appointed Professor of Civil and Military Engineering at West Point, and retained that position until

1871, when, in a fit of despondency on returning from Washington, whither he had gone in a fruitless effort to prevent his enforced retirement, he jumped from a Hudson River boat into the river.

It is not an exaggeration to say that Mahan had more influence in training the minds of American soldiers and engineers than any other educator of the nineteenth century. There were then no technical schools; no Troy, no Lawrence, no Sheffield, no Cornell. West Point was the only scientific school, and from it came the engineers like Latrobe and many others who built our first railroads; from it came the brilliant young soldiers like Lee and Jackson and Vinton, who helped Scott carry on his wonderful campaign from Vera Cruz, past the peaks of Orizaba, to Puebla and the City of Mexico; from it came most of the successful commanders of armies, divisions, and brigades who carried on the war between the North and the South and finally brought it to a successful and happy termination; from it came the Indian fighters who pushed the frontier from the Mississippi westward and from the Pacific eastward until there was no longer a frontier, and the buffalo and the Indian gave place to endless fields of grain and millions of prosperous farmers. With but few

exceptions, all the soldiers who gained distinction in the Mexican, Civil, Spanish, and Indian wars, were pupils of Mahan; and from his score or more of textbooks on engineering and on the art of war they learned the fundamental principles of their profession; and, above all, from him they learned to think accurately and solve a novel problem or meet an unprecedented situation with success.

Mahan implanted firmly in their minds the basic principles—first, that strategy is the art of bringing troops to the field of battle in such manner that at the point where the decision is to be made there shall be a superiority of numbers; or, as the artillery corporal told his instructor at Fort Monroe years ago, "Stratagee is how to get there fustest with the mostest men"; second, that tactics is the art of handling troops in battle.

In the nature of things the principles of strategy are eternal and unchangeable, the same in the time of Cæsar as in the time of Napoleon or Grant; for they depend upon topography or the nature of the earth's surface, and the Alps and the Rhine, the Pyrenees and the Marne, are the same for Napoleon and Foch as they were for Hannibal and Cæsar; but tactics depend on the arms of combat, and these are subject to incessant change. Con-

sequently, tactics are never the same in any two succeeding wars. The greatest master of the art, Napoleon, laid down in his maxims that the tactical drill-book should be changed at least once in every five years in order to keep pace with new inventions in weapons.

For several centuries past the fighting men of an army have been divided into three bodies: infantry, who march and fight on foot and shoot with a musket; cavalry, who march and fight on horseback, and use lances, sabres, carbines, and revolvers; artillery, who are partly on foot and partly on horseback, and have a firearm which throws a much larger projectile to a much greater distance than those used by infantry or cavalry.

For these same centuries the cavalry have also been "the eyes of the army"; by their reconnoissances and skirmishes and minor combats, they used to keep in touch with the enemy, feel him out, and locate his positions. They were the only means available to the commander for this purpose, except the secondary and unreliable method of employing spies and cross-examining prisoners.

The cavalry used to find out where the enemy was, the artillery opened the battle in an effort to

destroy the enemy's artillery and "prepare the attack" by shattering his nerves; when this had been done, or the effort to do it had been made, then the infantry made the attack or defence, bore the brunt of the battle, and sustained the greater part of the losses; when the battle was over the cavalry again came into action, pursued and harassed the enemy in case of victory, or protected the retreat in case of defeat.

Now all this is altered, and the changes in the tactics, or the mode of conducting a battle since August, 1914, are greater than all previous changes since Cæsar's time. It is no longer the Tactics of the Three Arms as prescribed by Napoleon and his commentators, such as Jomini and Mahan, but the Tactics of the Five Arms; for the engineers and aviators are now strictly fighting soldiers. Moreover, the improvements in artillery, a branch of the scientific mechanism which is the characteristic of the age in which we live, have been so astoundingly great that whereas in recent previous wars the deaths and wounds inflicted by bullets were eighty to ninety per cent. of the total, now from sixty to seventy per cent. are caused by shell and shrapnel.

The cavalry is no longer the eyes and the tent-

acles of the army, clumsily and with only partial success finding out what the enemy is doing, whither he is moving, and what his strength is. The aviator now soars above him, counts his numbers, photographs his position, and drops bombs on his trenches or bridges; and since both sides are trying to accomplish the same purpose, the aviator must fight the enemy in the air; and thus incessant combats take place, surpassing in actuality the wildest flights of Jules Verne's imagination; and deadly business it is, where an error in judgment or a wound is almost certain and instantaneous death, and where seven hundred airplanes are brought to earth in a month.

Since for more than three years there has been no decisive victory and no rapid retreat, there has been no opportunity for cavalry to pursue and harass the retreating foe and try to convert his retreat into a rout, or to protect the rear-guard and prevent a disaster. It is long since the Allies stopped buying cavalry horses in America; such animals as they now purchase are for draught purposes only; and not so many of those, in proportion to the unprecedented size of the armies, for mechanical traction has replaced animal traction

to the extent for which motors and gasoline can be procured; and since Germany has captured the oil fields of Rumania and the vastly greater and more important oil wells of Russia on the Caspian Sea, her mechanical traction is limited only by the supply of rubber or its substitutes and of steel for trucks and motors.

There are other novel engines of war, such as machine guns, by which a handful of men can work as much destruction as could quite recently be accomplished by a battalion or even a regiment; and infernal and inhuman agencies, introduced by the Germans in defiance not only of the rules to which it gave its written agreement in The Hague conventions, but of the laws of humanity and common decency. The dropping of bombs from balloons and airplanes, and the projection of poisonous gases and liquid fire across the enemy's position, are some of the hellish inventions which the Teutons have injected into this barbarous war, and which their foes in self-defence have been compelled to adopt.

The engineers have come into the front rank of fighting men, laying out thousands of miles of trenches under the hottest of fire from bullets, shells, gas, aerial bombs, and hand grenades; and

under direction of the engineers the infantry have become trench diggers and concrete manufacturers on a scale and with an elaboration and complication of detail never dreamed of by the wildest prophets and the most vivid imaginations five years ago. These trenches in turn are protected by hundreds of thousands of miles of barbed-wire entanglements, forming a veritable skein of steel, four hundred miles long, from the North Sea to the Alps.

Of all these phenomenal changes in tactics—the science of the battlefield—our troops, regular or militia, had only the vaguest notions when we entered the war something over a year ago. Of the large-calibre field guns we had none; of airplanes none; of machine guns practically none; of gas and bombs and hand grenades absolutely none. Our soldiers knew the drill-books of squad, company, and battalion drill, which are really forms of mental and physical exercise and discipline; but of all the rest they knew nothing except what they had read in unprofessional newspapers, reports from which all really important matters had been carefully deleted by the censor; the reports of our military attachés abroad had been securely locked up in the offices of the War College and General

Staff at Washington, and all publication or discussion of them by those who had read them had been positively forbidden by highest authority; any officer who violated this injunction had been summarily and severely reprimanded.

A more discouraging outlook for an army about to take part in the greatest of all wars, and of which fully ninety-five per cent. was to be created from absolutely raw material, and a war which had been in progress for more than one thousand days, and in which our participation had long been certain to all except those who wilfully deceived themselves, probably never existed. In the circumstances our troops have proved marvellously adept in instruction, At all the sixteen great cantonments the instruction, as soon as the rudiments of squad and company drill had been mastered, has been essentially practical and up to date, in so far as the supply of firearms has made this possible. It is hard to make a bank clerk understand the intricacies of a machine gun by diagrams on a blackboard; but if the instruction is given at a camp near the Atlantic seaboard and the nearest machine gun is at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, then no other method is available.

It is difficult to teach the principles of aerial

combat when—so it was stated on the floor of the Senate twelve months after we entered the war—we possess only one battleplane. But at the cantonments there has been ample instruction in the construction of trenches, the winding of wire entanglements, the charging across an imaginary "No Man's Land" and jabbing the bayonet into a Teuton made of straw. All this has duplicated the atmosphere of the 1917 battle-line so far as was possible at a distance of four thousand miles or more from the real thing.

Much more would have been accomplished and in much less time if the 200,000 men, regulars and militia, who already knew the squad and company drill when we entered the war, had been sent to France as fast as ships could carry them, to be followed by the raw recruits, volunteers, and conscripts as rapidly as they in turn had acquired the rudiments of drill, there to acquire their practical, up-to-date instruction in the milieu of the war, within sound of the distant guns, and in sight of the wounded as they came back from the battlefront.

But, after this question had been decided by controlling authority in the negative, the progress of instruction at the cantonments has been more rapid and satisfactory than was to be expected

under the adverse conditions due to remoteness and lack of the implements of war. After their arrival in France the instruction seems, from such meagre reports as have passed the censorship, to have been very rapid; and the American troops which have been engaged in the battle of Picardy during the last thirty days have apparently shown a marvellous adaptation to the strange and novel conditions in which they have been placed.

While the artillery has been of a character such as no American had any conception of four years ago, and has produced such casualties as artillery has never produced in any previous war, yet the fundamental fact has not been changed that the combat is decided by the infantry; and the manner in which infantry has been used by the Teutons—and hence necessarily by their opponents—has been a constant surprise to all military students. For the last hundred years the improvements in firearms have been constant and rapid and the difficulty of moving infantry to the attack in face of the constantly increased volume of fire has been the subject of the deepest thought on the part of all military leaders and writers.

Some years ago, in an essay written for the Military Service Institution on "Improvements in

the Art of War," I made an elaborate study of the number of men engaged in great wars—*i.e.*, battles in which the combatants exceeded 50,000, and the losses in killed and wounded were more than 5,000. A summary of the result is as follows:

Battles.	Total Engaged.	Killed and Wounded.	Per Ct.
Frederick, 1745–58.... 7	738,000	110,000	.15
Napoleon, 1800–15....12	2,104,000	464,700	.22
Crimea, 1854. 2	149,000	21,400	.15
Italy, 1859... 1	298,000	27,400	.09
United States, 1861–65....11	1,572,000	210,000	.13
Austria, 1866. 1	436,000	27,600	.06
France, 1870.. 6	1,263,000	119,700	.09
Turkey, 1877. 5	512,000	71,200	.14
Total.....45	7,072,000	1,052,000	.15

These figures are worthy of careful study. They enable us to get a proper sense of proportion between the wars of the past, and between each of them and all of them in comparison with the present war; which, as nearly as can be judged by such figures as have been made public by competent

authority, is somewhat more than three times as great as the sum total of all wars during the previous two centuries. Before it is ended it will probably be six times as great.

These figures also develop the unexpected fact that while there has been a constant improvement in firearms since Napoleon's time the losses in battle, in proportion to numbers engaged, have decreased. This is confirmed by statements recently made by our War Department that the losses in killed and wounded in this present war are only seven per cent. of the numbers engaged. If this information is correct then the losses in this war, with its unprecedented array of machine guns, artillery barrage, 16-inch howitzers, seventy-mile siege guns, airplane bombs, poisonous gas, hand grenades, etc., has produced a smaller percentage of killed and wounded than any other great war of modern times save one.

The losses in Napoleon's wars, it will be noticed, were one and a half times as great as the average of the other wars; if this present war is included, Napoleon's losses in proportion to troops engaged are fully twice as great as in subsequent wars. At Wagram, Napoleon gained a stupendous victory by a stupendous sacrifice. He hurled Macdonald

against the left flank of the Austrians with about twenty-one battalions—one-sixth of his entire force, including his reserves. The formation was three sides of a hollow square.

In front were eight battalions deployed in line, behind their right six battalions in column, and behind their left seven battalions in column. The small arms range was then only two hundred yards, little more than the width of the park behind the Public Library in New York. Macdonald soon came to close quarters; he pushed home, and the battle was decided by one of the most sanguinary hand-to-hand encounters on record. Jomini's pithy comment (*Art of War*, page 295) is in these words:

> The use of such masses at Waterloo was one cause of the French being defeated. MacDonald's column was more fortunate at Wagram, but at a fearful sacrifice of life; and it is not probable that this column would have been victorious had it not been for the successes of Davoust and Oudinot [who simultaneously attacked] on the left of the Archduke's [Charles] line.

In the anonymous but excellent account of this battle in the eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica this language is used: "The trail of the column appeared one mass of dead and dying,

[thirty-six General officers were killed or wounded,] creating a terrible impression on all who saw it."

This classic case is still worthy of the more careful study, for, while firearms have changed, the human heart, the human mind, and human psychology ("reactions" in modern slang) are immutable. The Germans have been the most profound students and would-be imitators of Napoleon. Their tactical writers, Clausewitz, von der Goltz, Balck, and Bernhardi, have always emphasized the advantage of the offensive and the necessity of "driving home," or, as the French say, "charger au fond." The Great General Staff was saturated with these ideas, their manœuvres during the ten years preceding this war were conducted on these principles, which caused the British and American military attachés who witnessed them to draw the erroneous conclusions that the German Emperor in his vanity and love of spectacular effects was practicing at manœuvres a method of warfare which would prove suicidal and ridiculous in actual war.

In fact, the Germans have carried on the war on precisely these principles. They seized the offensive and have held it. Their attacks have been conducted on the fundamental idea of "driving

home," not with columns such as those of Macdonald with 30,000 men occupying a front of only 400 yards and a depth of 500 yards, but with endless successive waves of skirmishers rushing across "No Man's Land" and using the bayonet freely. Their losses in the battles of the last thirty days have been frightful. If they could have gained a victory like Wagram it would have been well worth while. The loss of Paris, while of immense moral importance, would have little or no military importance, if the French Army remains intact. But they have not destroyed the French or British armies, and their offensive seems to be nearing its end.

Our allies have pursued a most judicious course in falling back before these "slams," meanwhile inflicting on the Germans losses probably two or three times as great as their own. The time will come, as this war slowly drags its length toward its inevitable conclusion of the destruction of the German Army, when the Germans realize that they cannot break the French and British armies. Their losses in man power will then have been so enormous that they can no longer carry on the offensive; and they will require time with their inferior economic resources to replenish the

thousands of tons of heavy artillery ammunition which they will by that time have fired away. When that time arrives, possibly in the autumn of 1918, or possibly in 1919, they will have to change from the offensive to the defensive. They have a defensive line of marvellous strength on the Rhine from Düsseldorf to Mühlhausen, about 350 miles long. They will then be nearly 200 miles nearer their own base; behind them will be their own country untouched as yet by the ravages of war, and in front of them will be the desert into which they have converted "the smiling lands of France."

Across this desert we and our allies must transport our troops and munitions of all kinds, and we shall be two hundred miles farther away from our own base on the sea. In order to have any chance of crossing this wide and deep river and pushing across the three hundred miles from Strassburg and Metz to Berlin we must have a greatly preponderating force; and as the French and British have passed the peak of their man power our contribution must be very large, not less than two million men on the fighting line, constantly maintained at that strength from reserves in training of more than double that number. This is nearly twice as many as the British will then be

able to supply (they have probably never had as many as 1,300,000 men on the fighting line) and fully as great as the French. The British and French commanders will be nerve-exhausted by the strain of more than four years of unparalleled responsibility.

The principle of unified command has at last been established at the expense of British traditions fully one thousand years old; and it is quite among the possibilities that the commander of the five million men engaged in winning the final victory will be some young West Point graduate now commanding a regiment or brigade in France and as unknown to fame as Grant and Sherman were in 1861 and the early part of 1862.

Upon this man, whoever he may be, will devolve a responsibility as a military commander compared with which those of Cæsar and Napoleon will seem small. Upon his ability successfully to handle unprecedented numbers of infantry in an attack upon present-day trenches and all their accessories will depend the lives of many, many thousands of American lads. God grant that he have the ability commensurate with his supreme task, for which history presents no precedent and comparatively little guidance.

CHAPTER VI

THE PROSPECTS OF VICTORY

PROPHECY, unless inspired, is a work of supererogation in a great crisis like this which now holds the world spellbound; but a statement of the facts upon which prophets base their predictions (however divergent) is a useful form of human endeavour. In this chapter which concludes the survey of our first year in this war, an effort will be made to summarize those fundamental realities upon which we rely in our constantly reiterated promises that we will not lay down our arms or abandon our Allies until we shall have accomplished the purposes for which we entered the war.

The first of these realities is that the war is to be won on the battlefield, by a military victory as stupendous as the war itself; and, like it, far surpassing any victory which has ever before been gained. The second is that such a victory can only be achieved by the aid and co-ordinated use of

all our resources, military, economic, and political. The military is the most important factor, to which economics and politics are subsidiary although absolutely indispensable. On the other hand, an army and its victories are the servants of politics in its highest sense; they exist and act solely to accomplish a political purpose. In this case the purpose is human liberty, the defeat of a nation that has attempted to enslave the world.

Since the first of these chapters was written, the President, whose moral leadership is still uncontested, has made two notable addresses. The first was delivered at Baltimore on April 6th and in it the dominant note was Force. He seems to have abandoned the idea that was expressed in some of his addresses in 1917 and to the Congress on February 11, 1918, that the war might be settled by diplomacy; by driving a wedge between our two principal opponents; by a "peace offensive." There is every reason to believe that this idea of Victory by Force is his final conclusion, and that it will not be changed. If this is true, it is a fact of the very highest importance, and its value in aiding to bring about victory is greater than that of many hundred thousands of fresh troops and many million tons of shipping.

In the second address, in aid of Red Cross subscriptions, at New York on May 18th, an application of the same thought was made in the phrase, "Why limit our army to 5,000,000 men?"

If the President adheres to the views set forth in these two addresses, then the greatest of all dangers, that of a possible compromise by an inconclusive peace, which would be the prelude to future wars more devastating even than this, has been eliminated.

During the two months which have elapsed since our first year at war was completed there has been a constant approach towards unity in the relations between the Allies. At last one general commands all the Allied troops from Calais to Venice. The importance of this cannot be overestimated. The armies are now being used as one. Italian soldiers are fighting in France; French, English, and Scotch in Italy; Americans are training in England, fighting in France, and are on their way to Italy. The great advantage of unified command which has been one of the chief causes of German success is no longer theirs alone. The Allies can now rely upon this benefit; and the Allied Commander-in-Chief, Foch, as a strategist and tactician, is the equal and possibly the superior of Hindenburg or Ludendorf.

As we have made progress in getting together, our opponents have begun to drift apart. The strain of hunger and bankruptcy in Austria has become almost unendurable; and the Austrian Kaiser has sought a way out, attempting to use his brother-in-law and the Pope as a means of finding some compromise before he and his people are hopelessly crushed and ruined. The German Kaiser has summoned him to Headquarters, demanded an explanation, and doubtless used violent threats in diplomatic language. The Austrian has yielded to *force majeure*, but it may well be doubted whether his thoughts and those of his people have in any way changed.

In addition to this the situation in Russia has added enormously to the political difficulties of Germany. The Teutonic dream of world empire has so far been realized as to cast upon a small number of Prussians all the burdens, responsibilities, and dangers of directing the affairs of nearly 350,000,000 people in contiguous lands which in the aggregate are nearly one fifth of the earth's surface, without bringing any of the advantages of such widespread rule. At the present moment officials in Berlin are specifically responsible for the government of Belgium, Northern France, Austria,

Hungary, Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, Turkey, and a large part of Russia. They exercise an influence which is almost controlling in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Switzerland, and Spain. But the countries which Germany has conquered she has also devastated; so that in spite of unparalleled robbery of machinery, money, cattle, vehicles, and household effects these countries are not now of economic value to her except in the matter of food and petroleum. Germany has moreover treated the conquered people of both sexes in these countries with a brutality the like of which cannot be found in recorded history. In consequence they hate these alien rulers with a fierce and undying hatred; and they will spare no effort, so far as they can do so without the certainty of death, to thwart her every purpose. Her own economic resources are not sufficient to arm and equip them; her means of transport, added to what is left of the wreck she has made of theirs, are not sufficient to bring them to the battlefield; very large numbers of her own troops are necessary to preserve order and keep them in subjection; the only benefit she can derive from them is to use them as labourers in agriculture, in mines, and in the varied forms of industry. They are all unwilling labourers, sullen,

silent, resentful, quick to eat the food and injure the manufactured product if they are not incessantly watched by a vast army of inspectors, military and civil, which with her dwindling manpower Germany can ill afford to spare.

Moreover the vast responsibility of such ramified and far extended government has come upon Germany within the short space of less than four years. The Roman Empire was gradually formed and consolidated during a period of one hundred and seventy-five years—the period between Cæsar's first Gallic campaign in 58 B.C. and the death of Trajan in 117 A.D. after he had completed the conquest of South-Eastern Europe, Mesopotamia, and Syria and added them to the African and European shores of the Mediterranean and all of Northern Europe from beyond the Rhine to the Irish Sea.

The British Empire was similarly formed by degrees in five generations, from the time of Clive's victory at Plassy in 1757 to the close of the Boer War in 1901. Both Romans and Britons had a positive genius for governing conquered races, treating them with kindness and consideration, fostering their local affairs, giving them the largest measure of self-government which they were capable of using, and winning their affection and

loyalty. The Teuton has yet to show that he possesses any of these qualities of success in governing alien peoples. So far as can be judged by the events of the last few years he has none of them. His government has been ruthless, despotic, intolerable. His unspeakable treatment of alien women and children, his contempt and tyranny for alien men temporarily at his mercy through lack of arms with which to fight him, his wanton destruction, for the mere pleasure of destroying, of ancient houses of worship, historic dwellings, works of art, and means of subsistence such as fruit, bearing trees—all this has been as short-sighted as it was barbaric and criminal; and the Teuton will pay the penalty during the remaining years of the war.

There is one other factor in the political situation which cannot be ignored by those who seek to forecast its probable termination. That is Russia. The President voiced an almost unanimous public sentiment when he said on May 18th that he intended to stand by Russia as well as France. Those who have lived with the Russians, in war or in peace, know that they will not willingly endure German tyranny. The illiteracy (93% of the population cannot read or write) is of course a

terrible handicap; but the Russian mujik, while a good natured and somewhat harmless companion when well treated, is a dangerous fellow when maltreated; he has a shrewd wit, he has had some experience of local self-government in the Zemstvo, and when properly led he is capable of great deeds. The educated Russian, small in numbers after deducting the Tchin or officeholders, has fought for three generations, and endured death, exile, and the loss of all his property, in the effort, now finally successful, to be free from tyranny and oppression by his own legally constituted rulers. That he will tamely submit to the arbitrary rule of the German bureaucrat is not to be believed.

It is perhaps too soon to ask that the President's words be translated into deeds. But the revolution is fifteen months old and the question presses for solution, next in importance to sending troops to France.

Much of the chaos that has come upon Russia might possibly have been avoided if the War Department, instead of consigning them unanswered and unheeded to its files or its waste baskets, had carefully considered propositions made to it by competent authority early in 1917 for strengthening the morale and loyalty of the Russian Army by

using American officers and non-commissioned officers to train and lead the Russian soldiers. The losses and suffering of the Russian Army in deaths, wounds, and imprisonment far exceed those of any other combatant, in total and in proportion to strength. This was solely due to a feeble monarch and his incompetent and dishonest agents in high places. When properly led, in various wars in the last two centuries, the Russian soldier has been inferior to none. Napoleon feared him more than any other of his antagonists and at St. Helena gave expression to his thought by his (erroneous) prophecy that in another century Europe would be all republican or all Cossack.

It is not too late to consider the idea of reorganizing the Russian Army with American officers and non-commissioned officers, equipping and arming it from American stores as our productivity in munitions, ships, and airplanes increases, and possibly placing an army of our own at Vladivostock, not only to aid the Japanese in guarding the stores and preserving order in Siberia, but to form the nucleus of an allied army, which slowly advancing westward, may ultimately be the means of driving the Germans out of Russia and Poland and enabling these nations to work out their own

salvation and freedom. Our disinterestedness will not be questioned for we did this for Mexico at the close of our Civil War, and during the intervening half century we have never interfered in Mexico's internal affairs (save for a brief period in 1915) although there has been cause and provocation far exceeding any that could possibly arise in Russia. Siberia is one of the most fertile lands in the world, exceeding in productivity the great Mississippi Valley in which we have accomplished such phenomenal results. An army once landed there can subsist on the country. We shall soon have the ships with which to carry the rails and cars and locomotives which are needed for its first development. The coal and iron mines of China are not far distant, pending the discovery and development of those of Siberia itself. The distances, considering the industrial resources and means of communicating intelligence in this age as compared with those available in 1865, are not relatively greater than those which Sheridan would have had to cross from the Rio Grande to the City of Mexico if the little Napoleon and Bazaine had not heeded our warning in 1865.

Next to defending and rebuilding France our first duty, now and for some years after the war,

is to place our military and economic strength at the disposal of Russia in order to enable her with the least possible delay to consolidate and solidify the results of her revolution, and enable her to develop in her own way, free from German domination, her own form of self-government.

Nor need we take fright, as some would, at the dread of new altruism, compared with which that towards Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines will seem slight and negligible. To those who read history aright, and judge the events of today in the light of the experience of the past, the support and reconstruction of Russia—as of France—by America is not altruism, but sane and sound national defense. When George Canning helped John Quincy Adams to formulate the doctrine which bears the name of Monroe, he justified his action, on the floor of the House of Commons, in saying he had "called the new world into existence to redress the balance of the old." His words may, after the lapse of ninety-five years, take on a meaning and express an action little dreamed of by him or Adams—and least of all by Monroe.

If now we turn to economics, the facts are most encouraging to the Allies. Germany has gained in the capture of the Baku petroleum fields a great

accession to her resources, and in the wheat fields of Russia she will find some relief from the starvation which was threatening her people. She had dire need of relief, for it is stated on apparently good authority that enormous as the losses of Germany and Austria have been in battle, the deaths from starvation in those two countries have been even greater. But in other respects than food and petroleum Germany has been steadily losing ground. Her coal and iron, the basis of all industry, are but one third of those of the United States and the British Empire. Her supply of rubber is about exhausted and the synthetic substitutes leave much to be desired. Without proper protection for the wheels her motor trucks will rapidly fall to pieces, and without motor trucks an army of the size which she has maintained cannot be supplied with food and munitions. Her railway system is rapidly deteriorating due to its abnormal use and to her inability to produce new equipment and at the same time keep up her supply of guns and projectiles, when they are used so prodigally as during the last two months in Picardy. Her supply of wool for clothing is far below the demand, and the same is true as to leather for footwear and for harness and other military equipments. Her

ingenious and learned chemists have produced substitutes but they are far inferior to the real things.

There is a great shortage of copper, so indispensable for projectile bands and many other military and electrical purposes; and the same is true as to aluminum. None of the conquered countries furnish these things in any considerable amount and the supply from America, via Holland and Sweden, which was abundant during the first two years of the war has now been absolutely stopped since our entry into the war put an end to all discussion about the rights of neutrals and gave the British Navy a free hand to maintain a strict blockade. Gold and silver have been taken from private houses to banks, to maintain their credit against an unreasonable amount of paper currency; and church bells have been melted down to provide copper for projectiles. The substitutes for aluminum have apparently been very unsuccessful and without aluminum airplanes cannot be built. The daily increasing superiority of the Allies in the air is probably due to the lack of aluminum and consequent inability to produce airplanes as rapidly as they are destroyed. The lack of fats is another economic handicap to which the deaths by starvation are probably largely due. There was a great

slaughter of hogs in the second year of the war, due to the belief that they could not be fed, and this loss cannot be replaced for several years. The number of cattle is steadily diminishing, and the same is true of horses although this may now be made up, at least in part, from Russia.

In regard to finance, it is long since exact figures have been given out as they were in the first years of the war; but it is known that the German debt far exceeds the amount which her financiers said at the beginning of the war would be the limit of solvency. All her financial plans have been based on the idea of a huge indemnity from her adversaries; but the German who now really believes in an indemnity is a rare optimist. In the greatest of all economic resources—the increase of population—the situation is the cause of unceasing anxiety in Berlin. The birth rate is less than half what it was in 1913, the death rate, exclusive of battle losses, is far greater. Legislation for the compulsory marriage of all persons above the age of twenty is now under discussion in the Reichstag; and unbelievable stories come past the Censor of loaning wives under governmental regulation for procreation purposes, and of fostering illegitimate births by promises of state support for the infant.

In short the economic situation in Germany, and still more in Austria, becomes more threatening with each succeeding month. But, remembering how long the South fought on after her economic resources were far more seriously injured than they are now in Germany it does not follow that Germany will cease fighting from economic exhaustion for some time to come. On the other hand it is the fact that the disparity between the economic strength of the opposing forces is increasing in a geometric ratio. France and Britain and Italy have reached and probably passed the peak of their economic development for war; but America whose resources exceed the aggregate of these three nations is only just beginning to put forth its full strength. From being the most wasteful and extravagant of nations we are rapidly becoming frugal. We eat less, drink far less, we live on corn and "war bread" in order to send wheat to our Allies, we spend far less for luxuries, we are daily transferring labour from industries which support non-essentials to those which are necessary for winning the war. Each succeeding liberty loan brings more money than the last, and the second Red Cross Subscription is apparently 30% greater than the first. The number of bond buyers has increased

from 350,000 in 1913 to more than 17,000,000 in 1918, and the bonds for sale are practically all government bonds. Our income tax has increased nearly tenfold and our total taxation nearly fourfold, without serious complaint; and the rate of interest on the government bonds has not gone beyond 4¼%, which is far lower than the rate at which any nation ever before could borrow in a great war. Our production of steel and copper and other metals increases every year notwithstanding the diversion of 2,000,000 young men from industry to the trenches and training camps. Our industries are being co-ordinated, our transportation system is being unified, simplified, and made probably twice as efficient measured by ton-miles of transportation as it was only two years ago. The production of ships is at last adequate, with such extraordinary feats as the building of a steel cargo carrier of 8000 tons capacity in twenty-seven days, and an actual output in the last month of 250,000 tons. Our production of cannon, rifles, and projectiles is now what it should be; and it is semi-officially stated that airplanes are now being turned out at the rate of 2500 a month with the expectation of largely increasing the output a few months hence.

In every branch of war industry there has been a remarkable improvement in the last ninety days, and it can fairly be said that our situation in economics, finance, and industry is satisfactory. The importance of this as a factor for victory is fully understood, but it cannot be overestimated.

Finally, as to man power and fighting; Germany and her vassals grow every day weaker and the Allies grow every day stronger, now that we have at last struck our gait. The official statements are 500,000 American soldiers in France at the close of April, 2,000,000 men under arms at the end of May, shipments abroad as high as 90,000 men in ten days, 1,000,000 men trained and waiting for ships, and ships being turned out at the rate of 3,000,000 tons per annum which will soon be increased to 4,000,000 tons. The production of tonnage has within the last month overtaken the destruction by submarines, and the extermination of submarines is rapidly progressing. Two of the submarine bases, those nearest to Calais and Dover, have been destroyed, and the destruction is apparently permanent. The submarine is still a menace, but no longer does any one in Germany or elsewhere believe that it can decide the war.

On the battle front the issue still depends on the

outcome of the battles in France—as it always has depended on them, although many people erroneously thought at one time that the war would be decided by the operations in the Balkans, in Asia Minor, or elsewhere. A fierce onslaught began in Picardy on March 21st and continued almost without intermission for six weeks. There has been a lull for the last three weeks with daily expectation of its being renewed. Territory has been yielded but this is unimportant. The French and British Armies are not broken nor are they discouraged. Their losses are far less than those of their assailants.

It took us three years in the Civil War to learn the fundamental fact that the objective is not any city, even the enemy's capital, but the destruction of the enemy's army. There is no reason to believe that the French and British Armies will be broken, even if they should yield more territory, and there is every reason to believe that the Germans cannot long endure the frightful losses in men, projectiles, and airplanes to which they have been subjected during the last 60 days. Every day brings fresh accessions of troops from America with corresponding increase in the odds against Germany.

If and when their assault fails, they must abandon the offensive and assume a defensive position behind the Rhine and around the vitally important beds of iron ore in Lorraine, on which the German metallic industries are based, and for which they will fight desperately. But these events belong to our Second and not to our First Year in the Great War.

For the present, the facts are favourable to our prospects for achieving such a decisive victory as alone will prevent a speedy recurrence of other and perhaps greater wars; but with stout hearts on the battle line and the use of our unrivalled resources to back them up we can look forward with unhesitating confidence to a righteous ending of this unprecedented and unparalleled war.